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The Sketch.

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The Sketch

No. 1177.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1915.

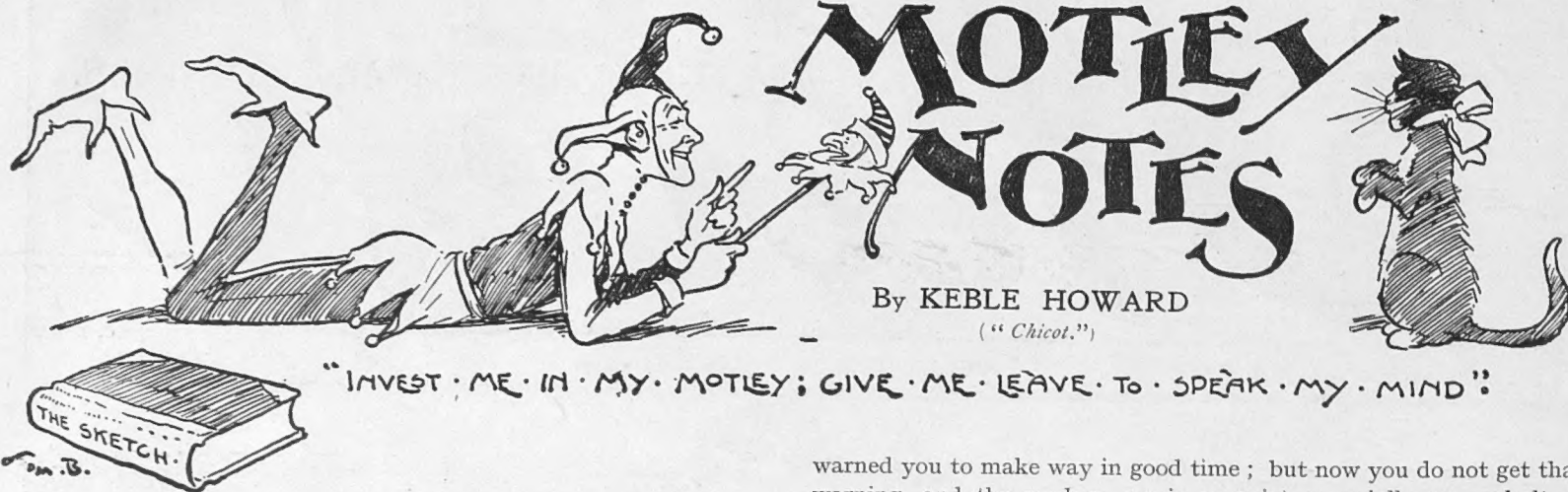
SIXPENCE.



WIFE OF A COMMANDER IN THE R.N.R.: VISCOUNTESS CURZON; AND HER PET DOG.

Viscountess Curzon, wife of the only son of Earl Howe, is one of the most beautiful women in London Society, and one of the most photographed. She is the only daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, and was married to her cousin, Viscount

Curzon, in 1907. There are two children, the Hon. Edward Richard Assheton Penn Curzon-Howe, born in 1908; and the Hon. Georgiana Mary, born in 1910. Viscount Curzon is a Commander in the Royal Naval Reserve.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



The War and the Car.

One of the passionate ambitions of the National Thrift Committee, or whatever that well-meaning body calls itself, is to prevent people from using motor-cars for pleasure for the duration of the war. I don't know whether anybody does use a motor-car for pleasure in these days; if he does, and if he takes his rides by night—which, in normal times, is by far the best time for motoring—he ought to be locked up in the safest padded cell in the kingdom.

For some weeks past, it has been my unfortunate lot to be compelled, for a variety of reasons, to motor by night through sixteen miles of London streets. That is to say, I had to drive sixteen miles before I got away from tram-lines, houses, and gas-lamps, and could turn on my head-lights. Under such conditions, one learns a good deal about the dear, blessed, muddle-headed public. Not one single journey did I make, to the best of my recollection, without coming within an ace of taking the life of a fellow human-being.

And these heart-twisting close-shaves were not due, in the least, to careless driving. I have driven over ten thousand miles, and my licence is spotless. (I have tapped wood.) But what is a man to do with women who invariably begin to cross the road without first looking to see if anything is approaching? Seven women out of ten do that. You may not believe me, yet I swear to it.

What the Driver Sees.

This little trick is bad enough by day; by night, it is simply asking for death. People who do not drive cannot realise, I suppose, that the driver of a motor-car who is not allowed to use his head-lights, and whose side-lamps must be dimmed down until they are almost worse than useless, sees nothing in front of him except another light. A pedestrian is utterly invisible. The next time you step gaily off the pavement, friend the reader, saying to yourself, "I will cross here," it might be worth while to remember that. You see a car coming, perhaps, and you think to yourself, "He won't run me down. He daren't. I shall take my time." But the chances are he will run you down because, though you can see his lights, he cannot see you at all.

Naturally, one tries very hard to see. My own dodge is to watch the tiny gleam from the side-lamps on the tram-lines. If any black object crosses that gleam, I know there is something in the way, and I pull up as quickly as possible. But—and here is a matter that many people do not realise—you cannot stop a car dead on a wet wood surface. The thing is impossible. The public think otherwise. They think that, on a pouring wet day, they can make for a tram, and the oncoming motor will pull up to give them time to reach the tram. But it can't. It can slow down, but a car moving slowly is much too serious a menace to life to be treated with contempt. Far better let it go by, for all your pride, than run the risk of being squashed.

Tail-Lights for All.

It was in last week's *Sketch*, I think, that I saw a photograph of a man with a lamp tied to his back. It looked funny, perhaps, and I have no doubt that a great number of people were moved to laughter thereby; yet the notion is a very sound one in these days of darkened streets and darkened cars. If you *must* walk in the roadway at night, scorning the footpath, you really are not safe unless you carry a lamp at your back showing a red light. In the good, old days before the war, the brilliant head-lights of a car

warned you to make way in good time; but now you do not get that warning, and the modern car is so quiet, especially on asphalt or wood-pavement, that you do not hear it, either.

It really is not fair on the man who is compelled to motor at night for business reasons—and, of course, nobody nowadays motors at night for any other reason—to expect him to develop at short notice the eyes of a cat. The cat has been thousands of years getting those eyes.

(I have suddenly remembered that this topic is entirely outside my province, all such subjects being dealt with under the heading, "The Wheel and the Wing." However, for his own sake, and the sake of the public good, I am sure my colleague will forgive this painful outburst.)

What Soldiers Read.

A Reigate correspondent, who may claim to be an expert in the public taste for books and light literature, since he deals in these pleasant commodities, says: "... reading for soldiers, about which you seem to know something. It has seemed to me, and I serve a goodly few from this small place, that they ought to have *Everyman*, *Public Opinion*, and the *Saturday Westminster*. And now let me whisper in your ear, they say quietly themselves, 'Let's have love-stories!' And so the penny love-stories go each week to their convalescent wards."

Well, my correspondent, as I say, is an expert in the matter; and if the wounded soldier really wants penny love-stories, penny love-stories he shall have. But, without the least desire to be priggish, I cannot help thinking that if the wounded soldier does not know his Kipling, and his Robert Louis Stevenson, and his Blackmore, now is the very time for him to make the acquaintance of such people. He has the leisure; he has the quiet; he has a public who will supply him with any volume that he demands. It seems a pity to fritter away such valuable weeks on penny love-stories, because, though they may be better written than the stories of Kipling, Stevenson, and Blackmore, the print, as a rule, is not so good. I put it to my correspondent that he has a grave responsibility in this matter. He finds himself in the position of a literary doctor, and must give the patient something that is good for him, and something that he will dearly love when he gets a little bit accustomed to it.

Maarten Maartens.

In the midst of all this hurly-burly, Maarten Maartens, a beautiful artist in words, has passed away. I saw very few obituary notices of this truly great writer. Maartens never shouted about himself, and so, when he died, nobody shouted about him. I can honestly say that I often shouted about him when he was living, which, from one point of view, is better. I became a faithful adherent from the day that I read "The Sin of Joost Avelingh."

Maartens, of course, was Dutch, but he wrote in English because you cannot get much of a public for a book in Dutch. Not, I think, that he ever secured a very big public. I hope, and believe, that he did not want one. I believe that he wrote to satisfy himself in the main, and was thankful to find that he could also please enough people to keep him from starvation.

You often hear of authors writing for posterity, as though posterity must have better taste than the present generation. Well, I hope it may have, but I doubt it. After all, we ourselves are posterity, and we preserve and make much of some terrible rubbish because it was written before our time. Happy the writer who studies neither the present nor posterity, but his own soul.

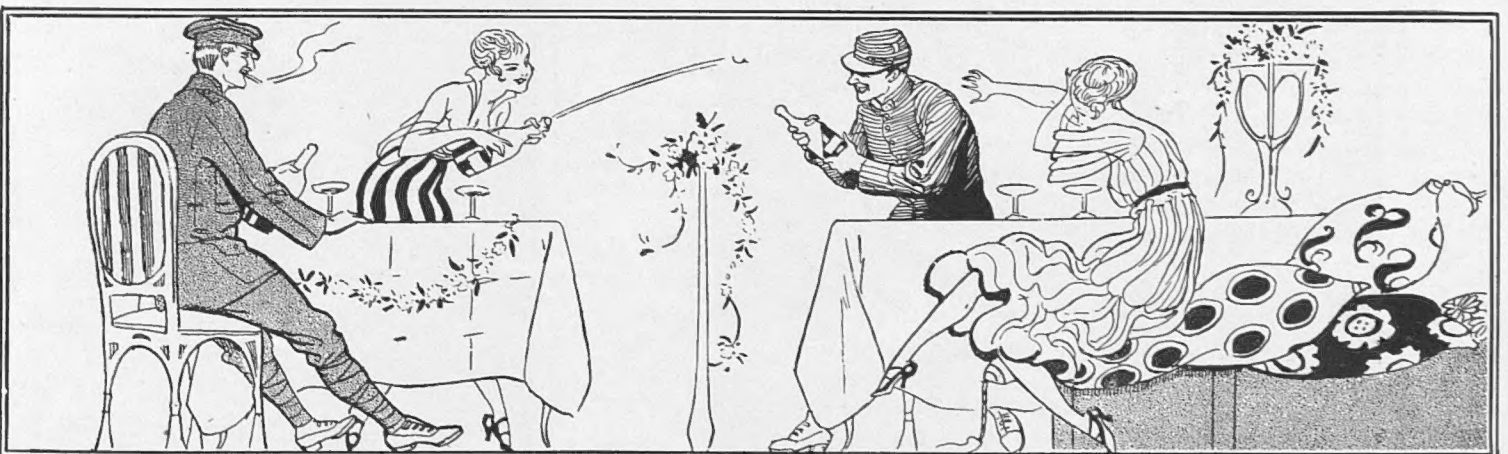
VANITIES OF VALDÈS: MIMI AMONG THE PERMISSIONAIRES.



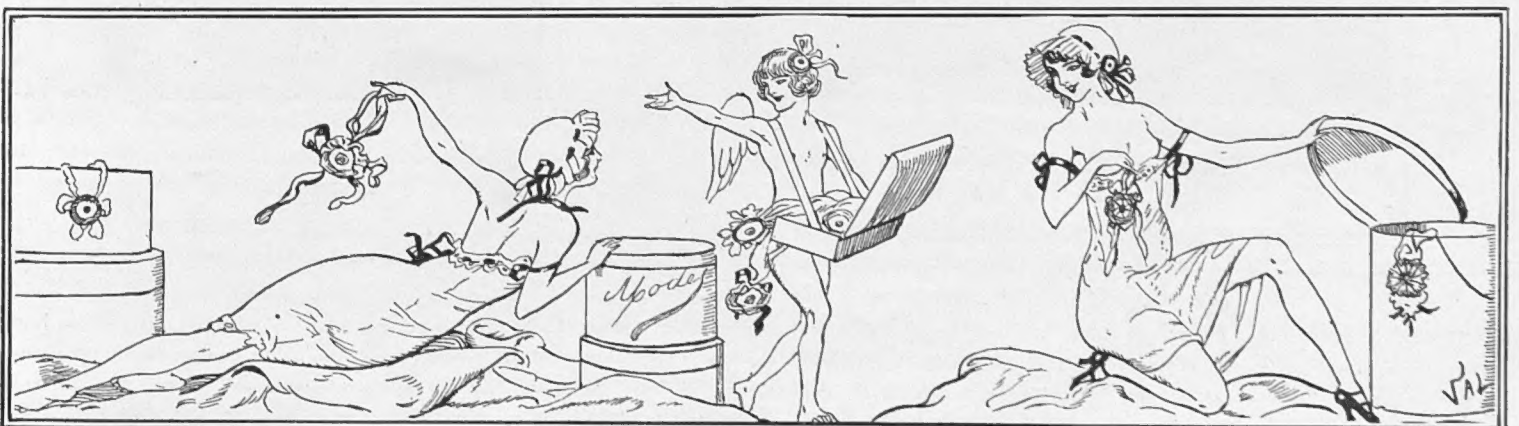
ADVANCES IN CLOSE ORDER.



RECEIVING A REPORT.



AN ARTILLERY DUEL.



DECORATIONS: MIMI'S COCKADE—MORE SOUGHT THAN THE MILITARY MEDAL!

PEG O' MY HEART A HUMAN BEING CONFESSED: A "SKETCH"



A WOMAN UNMOVED AND A FOUNTAIN UNTROUBLED: MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR (AND MICHAEL) IN A FAVOURITE NOOK IN HER GARDEN.



LIKE EVERY PIECE SHE PLAYS IN—GOING WITH A SWING.



PARAPET-ETIC PHILOSOPHY: PEG O' MY HEART IN DREAMY MOOD, WITH THOUGHTS OF FAR-AWAY.



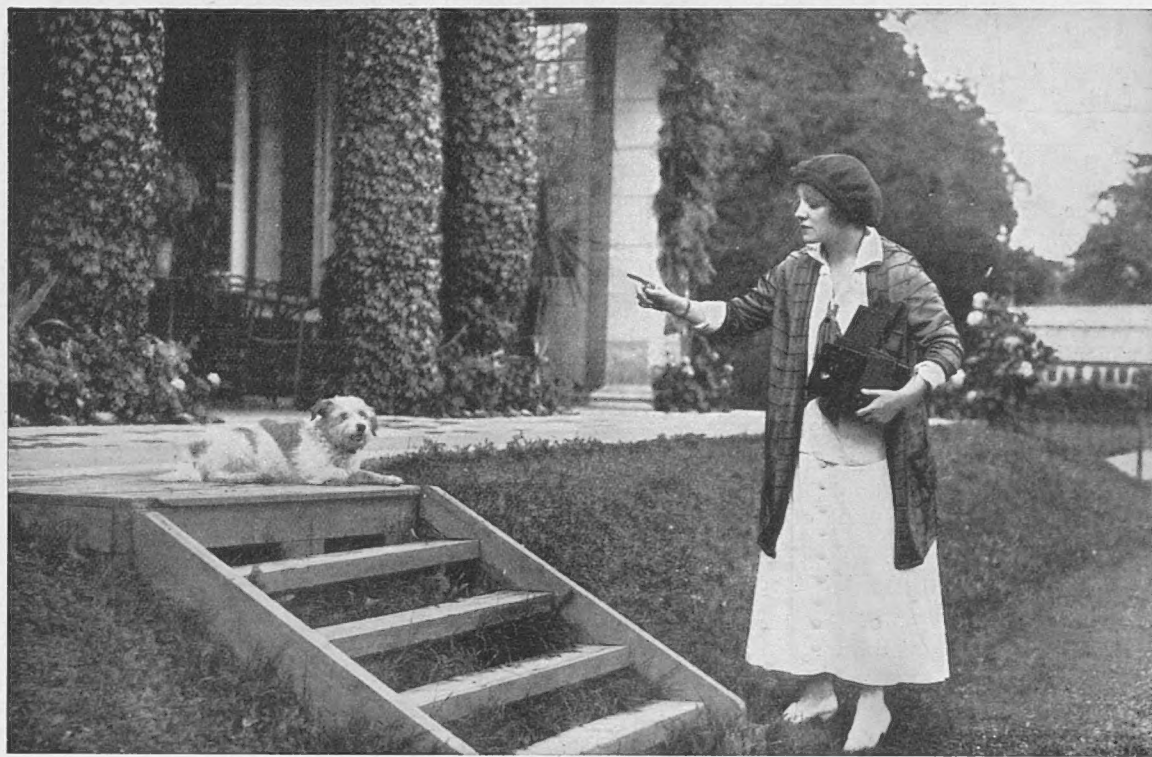
MICHAEL AND ONE ANGEL—IN THE GARDEN: A GREEN ALLEY IN THE GROUNDS OF LONGWOOD.

The "Referee" stated the other day that it had been officially informed that "Miss Laurette Taylor had had to confess herself a human being"—a revelation which must have caused surprise to those who have seen her in "Peg o' My Heart," who were, no doubt, under the impression that she was another example of "the angel in the house." Certainly there is a Michael at her house, as our photographs show, and where Michael is all angels are usually gathered together. Miss Taylor's confession of the infirmities of humanity, it turned out, meant that she had at last found it necessary to take

INTERVIEW WITH MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR ON HOLIDAY.



THE BEST TOMATOES THE GLOBE PRODUCES: "PEG" IN HER GREENHOUSE.



TEACHING MICHAEL TO PUT ON THE CAMERA SMILE AND SHOW HIS PEARLY TEETH: MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR POSING HER PET WIRE-HAIRED TERRIER FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH.



PRIVILEGES NOT ENJOYED BY EVERY OCCUPANT OF A STALL FOR "PEG O' MY HEART": A GOOD GOER ANY PLAYGOER MIGHT ENVY.



MICHAEL'S NOSE PUT TEMPORARILY OUT OF JOINT: THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING YOUNG AND CURLY—AS WELL AS FLUFFY.

a month's holiday, after playing "Peg o' My Heart" over a thousand times. During her absence from the Globe it was arranged that her place should be taken by Miss Moya Mannering. In private life Miss Laurette Taylor is Mrs. Hartley Manners. Her husband, the well-known dramatist, is the author of the play in which she has captivated London. At Longwood, their delightful place at Maidenhead, where she is holiday-making, she is very much at home with her garden and pets, including her dogs Michael and Fluffy.—[Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Wrathier and Buys.]



PREMATURE PROMISES : POSTCARD FICTIONS : GERMAN GROUND - BAIT.

Generous Diplomacy.

Were it not that everything connected with the world-war must be taken seriously, there is a good deal of humour in the offers that are being made to neutral States to persuade them to enter the war on one side or the other. The Austro-German diplomatists and those of the Quadruple Entente are each offering the Balkan States and other neutral countries something or another which they have not the power at present to give, but which they hope to possess before the end of the war. It is said in Rome, for instance, that Germany has offered Spain Morocco and Gibraltar as the price of her benevolent neutrality.



THE DEPORTED PIANIST :
Mlle. JANOTHA.

Something of a sensation was caused when it became known that Mlle. Janotha, the well-known pianist, who holds an appointment to the Court of Berlin, had been arrested in London and deported. She was born near Warsaw.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustr., Ltd.

marine transport that can carry great weights has yet been built by the Germans or by anybody else. The Spanish people are fond of exciting fiction, but I imagine that this story of the big howitzers that will destroy Gibraltar must be a little too steep for them.

A Postcard Campaign.

Spaniards have told me during the past year of the tremendous efforts that have been made to bring the sympathies of the Spanish people to the side of the Germans. There has been a postcard campaign, and the miners in the north, and the workers in the great factories of Barcelona and Bilbao and other manufacturing cities, have come to think it an uneventful day when they have not some picture-postcard to take home to their families depicting the sinking of the *Tiger* or some other entirely imaginary British defeat. I doubt, however, whether the mass of the Spanish people have any opinion at all concerning the course of the war or any sympathy with either side. A postcard showing in lurid colours the sinking of Von Spee's squadron would be to them as agreeable a picture to nail up on the wall as is the representation of an entirely imaginary British calamity. The Spanish merchants, according to whether their trade be with Bristol or with Hamburg, no doubt have British or German sympathies, and the Spanish hotel-keepers fly German or British flags according to whether their *clientèle* in peace times is a British or a German one. But the mass of the people, I am sure, consider the goring of one of their favourite bull-fighters a far more serious thing than hundreds of thousands of lives lost in battles in Belgium or Poland, and the gift of Morocco would not create any enthusiasm. Indeed, in most peasant homes it would be looked upon as a calamity, for the young men would be sent across the sea to garrison it, and North Africa is the grave of Spanish soldiers.

Greedy Bulgaria.

It would be interesting to hear the talk of the Prime Minister of Bulgaria and the representatives of the two combatant groups. Bulgaria wants some Serbian territory and some Grecian territory very badly indeed, and she certainly will not be content until Adrianople is in her hands. Germany, of course, is quite ready to promise anything that Serbia possesses to any of her friends who are in a position to help themselves to such property; but the ill-success of the Austrian punitive expedition against Serbia will not encourage any other Power to go and do likewise, and Bulgaria is still licking the wounds that Serbia and Greece inflicted on her in her last war. The Kaiser hopes that Greece, the country of which his sister is Queen, is kindly disposed towards Germany, but any attempt to make her give up territory she possesses would be to turn the whole of the Grecians into a solid party in favour of M. Venizelos' policy. Turkey is, of course, Germany's Ally, and, though I believe myself that the partitioning of Turkey amongst friends and foes will come with the end of the war, Germany would hold up her hands in pious horror if such a suggestion were made before the Dardanelles have been forced.

Great Britain and France and Italy are, no

doubt, trying to make friends with Bulgaria without offending Serbia, and what to give to Serbia in order that Serbia may give something else to Bulgaria must be one of the puzzles of the chancelleries of the Embassies of the Quadruple Alliance.

The German "Fan Kwai."

In the north Germany is dangling the bait of Finland before Sweden's eyes; but Finland believes that she will attain all her national aspirations under the new régime of liberty which is coming to Russia through this war. Finland is, at the present moment, settling down to use all her resources for the manufacture of munitions for the Russian armies; and this good work, which will bring many millions of roubles into her coffers, will not be forgotten by the Tsar and his advisers when peace comes. The German newspaper campaign in China—an attempt to stir the Celestials into hostility against Great Britain and Japan—seems to have died down, and all the Teuton gold spent in obtaining control of native newspapers has been wasted. China is a jelly-fish—a live thing, but entirely inert; and, though the Chinese fight very fiercely amongst themselves, the newborn republic is not at all anxious to tumble into a big war to please the Germans, who are to them simply a tribe of "Fan Kwai"—hairy barbarians—whom every good Chinaman would like to see swept into the sea across which they have come to plague China.



A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR-MANAGER
IN THE R.N.A.S.: LIEUTENANT
HERBERT SLEATH-SKELTON, BE-
SIDE HIS ARMoured CAR.

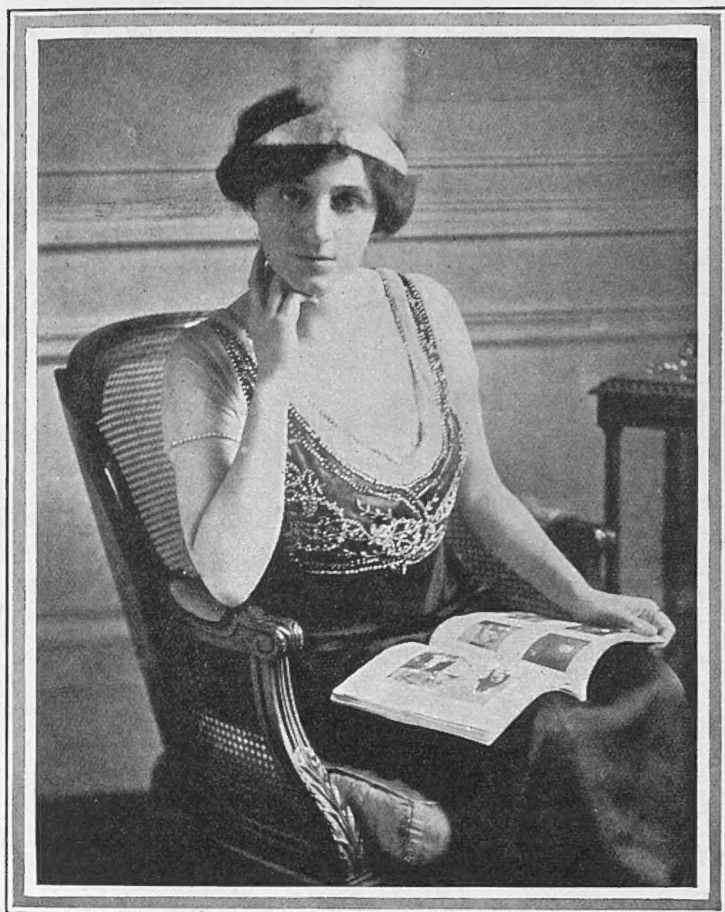
Mr. Herbert Sleath, the well-known actor, whose full surname, by the way, is Sleath-Skelton, joined the armoured-car division of the Royal Naval Air Service soon after the war began. He is co-lessee and manager, with Mr. Arthur Bourchier, of the Garrick Theatre. His wife is Miss Ellis Jeffreys, the actress.



A WOUNDED OFFICER'S WEDDING: CAPTAIN LECHMERE
AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Captain Lechmere, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, who has been twice wounded, married on the 7th, at St. James's, Paddington, Miss Marguerite Long. The bridegroom walked to the altar with the aid of two sticks.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

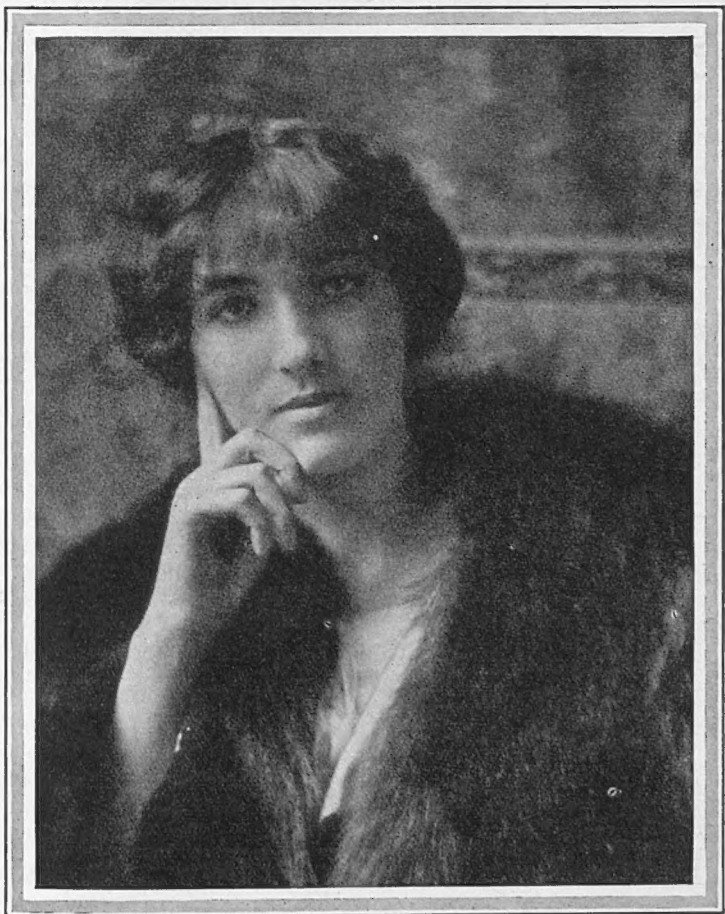
TO THE FRONT IN WAR WORK: SOCIETY LEADERS.



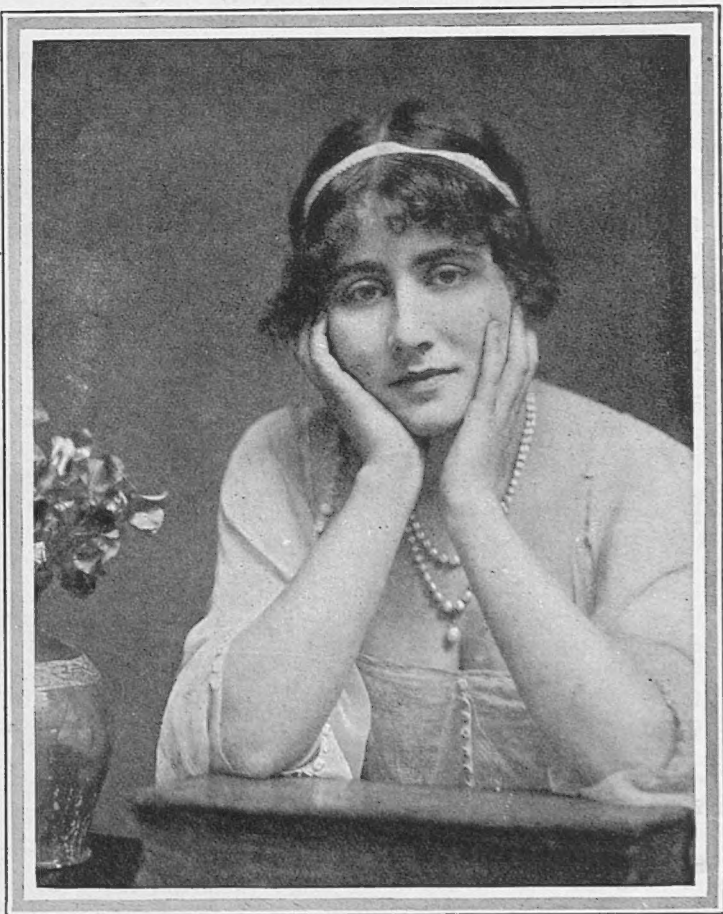
ABOUT TO VISIT RUSSIA TO ORGANISE A RED CROSS HOSPITAL:
LADY MURIEL PAGET.



NURSING WOUNDED AT QUEEN MARY'S AUXILIARY CONVALESCENT
HOSPITAL, ROEHAMPTON LANE: MRS. STAPLETON - COTTON.



A DISTINGUISHED HELPER OF WAR-CHARITIES IN LONDON:
THE COUNTESS HELEN DE POURTALES.



BUSILY ENGAGED IN WAR WORK: LADY ROSE BOWES-LYON,
DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF STRATHMORE.

Lady Muriel Paget, we understand, has arranged to visit Russia in connection with a scheme she is organising for a hospital to be established there, under the Russian Red Cross, with a British medical and nursing staff. Lady Muriel is the wife of Sir Richard Paget, Bt., of Oldfallings Hall, Wolverhampton, and daughter of the late Earl of Winchilsea.—Mrs. Stapleton-Cotton, who is nursing at Queen Mary's Auxiliary Convalescent Hospital at Roehampton, is the wife of Captain Richard Stapleton-Cotton,

who is at present out at the Dardanelles.—The Countess Helen de Pourtalès is one of the two beautiful daughters of the Countess de Pourtalès, very well known in London and Rome Society. Countess Helen's home is at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, once the home of Mme. de Staël.—Lady Rose Bowes-Lyon is the second of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. She has several brothers holding commissions in the Army.—[Photographs by Lafayette, Yevonde, and E. O. Hoppé.]



LADY Marjorie Dalrymple is still asking for "records" for British prisoners in Germany. Her interest in her brother, coupled with his account of the prisoners' wants, rather than any passion of her own for gramophones, is what leads her to take in hand this particular good work. This instrument of hers is one that leaps into importance in hospital and camp. It never palls, and nothing stops it. "You draw a screen round your dying patient,"

a surgeon lately back from France told me the other day, "and everything is quiet for a few moments except the gramophone in the next ward." It is, in particular, the prisoner's friend, for it speaks—or sings—his own language.

The name of Lady Edmund Talbot's £1. Edmund

Talbot is writ large among the patronesses of the Italian Fund, and in the first list of subscribers she is put down for a contribution of one pound. This is not due to a misprint, or a miscalculation; it is a genuine little sign of the times. The Funds have gone on increasing until we are out—of funds; and though Lady Edmund

A PRETTY DEBUTANTE OF 1914: LADY EVELYN KING. Lady Evelyn King, who is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace, was born in 1896, and made her curtsy to their Majesties last year, only to find the social horizon soon overcast by the declaration of war.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

Talbot would never refuse to give her name to a national appeal such as the one authorised by the Italian Ambassador, she does not care to give much else, for the moment. A hundred and one other and more pressing claims have to be settled first.

Needs of the Moment.

Lady Edmund's pound is typical. The Duchess of Marlborough, a patroness, and Lord Mersey and Lord Armstrong, patrons, decided that a "fiver" each was the right thing to send; but many distinguished single sovereigns have been received by the Fund's treasurer. Lord Reading's fifty, Mrs. L. Mond's thirty, and Mrs. Emile Mond's twenty—with, of course, many much bigger sums from business corporations, and a large scattering of tens from people like Mrs. Bischoffsheim, the Earl of Mexborough, the Duchess of Somerset, and Mrs. Arthur James—improve the average. The fact remains, however, that a pound now meets such cases. Italy is wealthy, she has only lately embarked on war, and she is uninvaded. Compare her needs with those of Poland. Thus do Patronesses, even, look facts straight in the face, and make light of cutting poor figures on some subscription lists when their hearts are set on the success of others.

"He." The maid-of-all-work is looking for promotion. "As Useful Man" is one of the old-established headings in the advertisement column, and



A SOLDIER'S SON: MASTER ROGER AYSHFORD SANFORD.

Those who were at the wedding, in June, of the Hon. Ethel Christian Methuen (now the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Howard), daughter of Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, will remember the subject of our portrait, the "pretty page" who was in attendance on the bride, and looked delightful in his pale-blue tunic and soft white chiffon shirt. He is the bride's cousin, and is the son of Colonel Edward Charles Ayshford Sanford, C.M.G., a soldier with a record of distinguished service.

Photograph by Yevonde.

nett, who, after a career of much variety, finds himself attached to the Headquarters Staff of the 11th Reserve Infantry Brigade. Miss Kleinwort is a daughter of the Kleinworts of Belgrave Square and Maidstone,

An Engagement. In the autumn Miss Kleinwort is to marry Captain E. N. Bennett,

and a niece of the baronet. Both

her father and uncle were born at Denmark Hill, in a house which had been in the family for several generations, and may, if Belgrave Square fails him, supply Captain Bennett with a family ghost. His hobby is psychical research, and his favourite exercise ghost-hunting.

With the Turks. Captain Bennett has had experiences that seldom befall an English soldier. Great at Greek and Latin, he left Oxford with a fellowship, to take up the work of a war-correspondent in the Cretan insurrection; he was an eye-witness at Omdurman, started in the Boer War with an ambulance and ended as a fighter, went to Tripoli with the Ottoman Army in 1911, and was appointed on the Turkish Staff as Press Censor during the Balkan War. His record in the Commons, on the Board of Agriculture, and in haunted chambers makes quite the least interesting chapter of his life.

The Cousins. Miss Clarissa Tennant's eight bridesmaids were inevitable. They broke a sort of rule which has obtained during the war; but there was reason for breaking. In the Tennant circle the whole bevy of beautiful cousins are ready for such occasions, and to ignore them would be to throw away an opportunity, and to waste Lady Glenconner's genius for dress-design. She knows the group by heart, and provides it with gowns without looking twice.



TO MARRY MR. WILLIAM PIERCE BUTLER CORMAC, R.N.: MISS ELSIE DOUGLAS.

Miss Elsie Douglas is the only daughter of Colonel J. D. Douglas, late of the Royal Artillery, Nashenden House, Borstal, Rochester, Kent. Mr. William Pierce Butler Cormac is Assistant-Paymaster in the Royal Navy, and is the only son of Mr. Martin Cormac, of Eltham, Kent.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE OF BOURBON-ORLEANS.

The engagement has been announced of H.R.H. Princess Marie Louise of Bourbon-Orleans and Prince Philip of Bourbon-Sicily. Princess Marie Louise was born on Dec. 31, 1896, and is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme, the Duchess being a sister of H.M. Albert, King of the Belgians. Prince Philip of Bourbon-Sicily is a son of H.R.H. Alphonso, Count of Caserta, Head of the Royal House of the Two Sicilies, and was born in 1885. He is an Hon. Lieutenant in the 19th "Princess" Hussars, Spanish Army.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

QUEENS OF THE BEAUTY QUEENS: HEADS OF THE POLL.



1. VOTED THE CHIEF BEAUTY OF THE BEAUTY QUEENS OF "PUSH AND GO": MISS JUANITA SYMONDS.

2. RECEIVER OF THE SECOND HIGHEST NUMBER OF VOTES:
MISS WINSOME RUSSELL.

3. RECEIVER OF THE THIRD HIGHEST NUMBER OF VOTES:
MISS DAISY ETHEL.

There has been a Beauty Competition for the Beauty Chorus of "Push and Go," at the London Hippodrome. Photographs of each of the members of that Chorus have been published in all the programmes, with a voting coupon, that visitors to the Hippodrome might record their votes as to who should be Queen of the Beauty

Queens. The prize for the winner was a diamond bracelet. This prize has gone to Miss Juanita Symonds. Miss Winsome Russell received the second highest number of votes; and Miss Daisy Ethel, the third. Miss Symonds has been called "the Ideal Chorus Lady," her work being so excellent and her attendances a record.

Photographs by Hugh Cecil and Wrather and Buys.

SOME MILITARY ENGAGEMENTS—AND A WEDDING.



MISS BARBARA HUTCHINSON: TO MARRY
SECOND LIEUTENANT DAYRELL PAGET-COOKE.



MAJOR HARRY D. BEAUCHAMP BAIRD:
TO MARRY MISS ETHEL M. F. CALDECOTT



MISS ETHEL MARY FRANCES CALDECOTT:
TO MARRY MAJOR H. D. BEAUCHAMP BAIRD.



MISS PHYLLIS COLVIN BURT: TO MARRY
MR. JOHN HAMILTON MANSFIELD, R.F.C.



MISS ROSALIND MARY SEATON: TO MARRY
CAPTAIN ERIC HUGH WILLIAMS.



MISS MURIEL SULLIVAN-TAYLOR: TO MARRY
CAPTAIN EDMUND STANDISH LUCY.



MISS OLAVE GENESTE SWEET: TO MARRY
THE REV. W. LESLIE NEWTON.



CAPTAIN G. F. H. SATOW: MARRIED, ON
AUG. 10, TO MISS EVELYN M. MOORE.



MISS EVELYN MARY MOORE: MARRIED,
ON AUG. 10, TO CAPTAIN G. F. H. SATOW.

Miss Barbara Hutchinson is third daughter of the late Mr. C. C. Hutchinson, K.C., and Mrs. Hutchinson, The Boltons, S.W.; Second Lieutenant Dayrell Paget-Cooke, A.S.C., is only son of Sir Henry and Lady Paget-Cooke, Orsett Terrace, Hyde Park.—Major Harry Douglas Beauchamp Baird, D.S.O., 12th Bengal Cavalry, is son of the late Colonel Baird, C.S.I., R.E., and Mrs. Baird, Palmer's Cross, Fagin. Miss Ethel Mary Frances Caldecott is daughter of Mr. Andrew E. Caldecott, of Woodstock Road, Oxford.—Miss Phyllis Burt is elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. M. Burt, Pembroke Dock. Mr. Mansfield, Royal Flying Corps, is son of Colonel the Hon. and Mrs. H. W. Mansfield, of Old Catton, Norwich.—Miss Seaton is only child of the late Dr. E. C.

Seaton, F.R.C.P., and Mrs. Seaton. Captain Eric Hugh Williams is a barrister-at-law, but at present on active service with the Queen's. He is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh M. Williams, Warleigh Lodge, Wimbledon.—Miss Muriel Sullivan-Taylor is daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Sullivan-Taylor of Southsea. Captain Lucy, R.G.A., is son of Mrs. Lucy, of Torquay, and grandson of the late George Lucy, of Charlecote Park, Warwick.—Miss Olave Geneste Sweet is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, Taunton. The Rev. W. Leslie Newton is Chaplain in his Majesty's Forces. Captain Satow, Border Regiment, is son of Mr. and Mrs. Satow, of Bangor. Miss Moore is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Moore, Bushey, late of Foochow, China.

A BARONET'S FAMILY: A SOCIETY PORTRAIT.



MOTHER AND CHILD: A CHARMING STUDY OF LADY MAINWARING AND HER DAUGHTER, DIANA.

Lady Mainwaring, of whom we give a new and charming portrait, with her little daughter, Diana Eina Claude, born last year, but not too young to be fascinated by the glittering stones in her mother's ring, was, before her marriage, in 1913, Miss

Generis Alma Windham Williams-Bulkeley, daughter of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley. Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring is the fifth Baronet, and lives at Peover Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

ARE you always going to throw yourself away on this sort of stuff?" asked the editor. It was at the end of a long summer day in Chancery Lane, when the production of a fastidious literary weekly paper seemed for the time to be one of the jobs that really didn't need doing. "No," answered "A. B."; "I'm not. I'll show you what I'm going to do." Taking a postcard, he mapped out his career in the neat hand that has supplied the compositors with, on the average, half-a-million words a year.

The Programme. It would require a champion among Bennett experts to recapitulate the contents of that postcard with any exactitude. But if you take the novels and plays, classify them, and go to the publishers' account-books for the success of each of them, you would get somewhere near it. So many novels, he put down, were to be written for money results, so many for fame, so many for his own gratification. It was as pretty a piece of prophecy in a man's own country as you could wish to see; and it makes one curious to watch his career as a war prophet. Lately he has been to the French front, and his impressions are appearing in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*.

Colours and the Black Country. At the outbreak of hostilities he was yachting. He ran the gauntlet of the first swarm of patrol-boats, and did not get into port until the storm had broken. The rudiments of yachting he learned from model vessels launched by his eccentric schoolmaster on the foulest canal in Europe, then he put the art aside until such time as his ship came home. That was before the days of prescience—so much before that he was to devote his adolescence to water-colours. He copied Turner, and messed Turner's skies; he dreamed of the lakes and greenswards that were never within sight of the Potteries, and messed them too. Then he started writing paragraphs for a local paper—the paper of the Five Towns. This young work in the Black Country he left for a law clerkship in London, bought second-hand books, wrote prize-stories on Sundays, discovered Chelsea and the artistic temperament, was offered £150 on a paper, and sacrificed with some trepidation the £200 he was earning in his office.

In Pink. It must have been at this time that his weekly column of literary criticism, signed "Barbara" (or some such weighty pseudonym), attracted the attention of a celebrated lady, then President of the Society of Women Journalists. "Here at last," she said in a letter thanking him for the truth and sanity of his opinions, "is a woman who does not write like other women." He confessed the deception, but continued to be "Barbara" on the pinkish pages of the little women's paper. One example of his literary discernment may be rescued from those pages. When Francis Thompson's "Sister Songs" appeared in 1895, he wrote, "My belief is that Francis Thompson has a richer

natural genius, a finer poetical equipment, than any poet save Shakespeare. . . . Please yourself about him, but in time to come don't say I didn't tell you." Don't say he didn't tell you about many other rising lights of the eighteen-nineties, and don't say he hasn't told you about himself.

In the Stalls. I am trying on this page to say the things he hasn't told (among them, that, for all his directness and wit, he has the manner of a shy, inexpressive man), but it is impossible to dodge the facts set down in "The Truth About an Author." You have there the story of the writing of the first novel, out of the profits of which he bought a new hat; of the clever

syndicate that secured the rights of a serial, and bought new hats for itself and all its wives, and banked a little fortune into the bargain; of the first play, which he watched on the stage with the emotions of a man who for the first time in his life pulls the starting-lever of a motor-car and feels the Thing beneath him begin mysteriously and formidably to move. This period followed five years of nights spent in the stalls as a dramatic critic—spent, first, in the stalls in a dress-suit that made him feel intensely lonely, so obviously was his evening gear bought for four guineas in Cheapside.

Master of His Craft. Then came the period of approving

luncheons at the Garrick and the Green Room, of jovial pats on the back in Bedford Street. "How the d—l are you, my dear chap?" is a greeting he remembers distinctly, with the purring note in the famous voice of the great actor in his ear, and the caress of the expressive hand on his shoulder. Of his own value and values he was quickly made aware; he sold his first farce, repurchased it, and sold it again all within three months. What he was able to do as a reviewer in an hour is more astonishing. He trained himself to approach a pile of new books, cut the entrails out of them, write a fifteen-hundred-word *causerie* on them, passably stylistic, all inside sixty minutes." Most trained journalists would give a long afternoon at the least to the task, and "A. B." is proud of his superiority. "I am an author of various sorts.

I know my business," is his own summing-up of that side of his success.

The New Adventure.

But one error stares at him from the faded pink pages of *Woman*. "Cut to measure. Patterns supplied," was the legend—correct in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand—he wrote under the illustration of a *layette*, which he, as a woman's editor, should have known was the outfit prepared for a new-born babe some time in advance of its arrival. One may be allowed to gloat over that single error. It is the exception to a rule of terrific rightness. And now Arnold Bennett is determined to make no mistakes. He is concentrating on the milestones of a new Europe and on the greatest of all adventures.



A FAMOUS AUTHOR WHO HAS WRITTEN HIS IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT VISIT TO THE FRENCH FRONT: MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

No writer can make his readers realise a scene or a conversation so vividly as Mr. Arnold Bennett, the famous novelist and dramatist, one of the greatest of living English authors. It is interesting to learn, therefore, that he has just returned from a visit to the French front, and has written a series of articles recording his impressions for the "Illustrated London News." The first is to appear in the issue of that paper for Aug. 21, and the rest will follow in succeeding Numbers week by week.—[Photograph by T. R. Annan.]

SOCIETY IN JAPAN IN WAR TIME: THE FASHIONABLE EAST.



WEAPONS RESERVED FOR WOMEN ONLY IN OLDEN TIMES: JAPANESE GIRLS FIGHTING WITH "DAGGERS" ON "HANDLES."



AN OLD-TIME CONTEST BETWEEN JAPANESE UNIVERSITY GIRLS: LONG-HANDLED "DAGGER" VERSUS TWO-HANDED SWORD.



ROYAL VISITORS AT THE TOKIO "ZOO": YOUNG PRINCES OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSE; WITH GENTLEMEN IN ATTENDANCE.



AT A JAPANESE BAZAAR AT WHICH A SCENE FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" WAS GIVEN: PREPARING A STALL.



A JAPANESE-BRITISH FUNCTION: AT A TOKIO BAZAAR AND CONCERT OF THE ALLIED NATIONS.

Among the most courteous peoples of the world, the Japanese are very hospitable, very picturesque, and very up to date, taking to European customs as to the manner born. They enjoy at the same time the picturesqueness of native dress, old-time games and customs, which make a fascinating blend with the habits, the institutions, and the dress of to-day. Our first and second pictures show an interesting contest with a weapon reserved in old days exclusively for the use of women, and shown in our photograph being manipulated at an athletic meeting of the Nippon Girls' University. It is not so deadly at such displays as it looks, either as shown here or in our second picture,

where it is opposed to the two-handed sword.—In Photograph No. 3 the two young native Princes are followed in their stroll through the Tokio Zoological Gardens by two gentlemen in attendance, the frock coat and top hat of Bond Street being *de rigueur*.—In Photographs Nos. 4 and 5, East and West are shown mingling in amicable fashion at a big bazaar and concert given by the Allied Nations in Tokio, on June 19, with so much success that it was repeated on the 26th, the entertainment including a scene from "The School for Scandal." The fraternisation of visitors and stall-holders, and even the nature of the wares on sale, suggest a London, almost as much as a Tokio, social function.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LADY Juliet Duff may make some few converts to dress-retrenchment, but it is not likely the scheme will succeed, and many will think it doubtful whether it deserves to. Unreasonable extravagance is, of course, never to be commended, but variety of feminine dress tends to keep trade going, and trade in turn keeps the country going. Therefore, we are not in the least in favour of the ladies going into "uniform." "Juliet Duff, of all people!" say the antagonists of the scheme.



TO MARRY MISS CYNTHIA REEVES. MR. G. G. WISKARD. Mr. Wiskard is to be married on Aug. 28. He holds an appointment in the Home Office.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Ginnell or the Hyde Park atheist. Lady Juliet always did her duty very splendidly in the matter of looking nice, and 16, Upper Brook Street was as familiar to the band-box girl as to the butcher-boy—perhaps more familiar. Whereas the prosaic tradesman would deal for the most part with Vaynol Park, No. 16 was always a base for the millinery campaigns that are now forbidden.

The Change. What does Lady Duff-Gordon—that half-namesake of Lady Juliet—think of this new deflection of her pupils from the gentle art of being sartorially beautiful? When the *Titanic* went down, and Lady Duff-Gordon was saved, somebody found printer's ink in which to lament the loss of the fair passenger's precious night-gowns! Though such minor misfortunes were not swamped in that calamity, they are swamped in the catastrophe of the war; and even professors of the cult of lingerie are joining the Women's War Economy League.—To Mrs. Reginald Halsey—who, let it be said for the general convenience, is

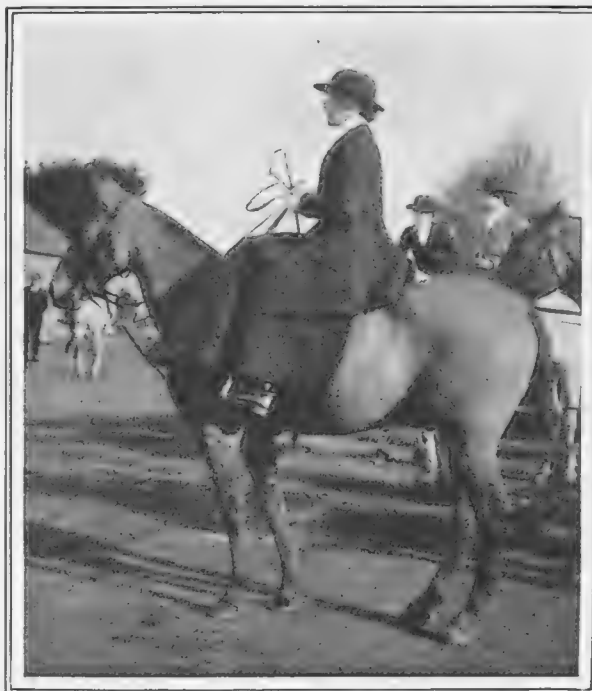
not the Mrs. Halsey of Stanhope Gardens—has fallen much of the League's secretarial work. Though she is nothing abashed at the rush of letters, she confesses she is taken by surprise by the unhesitating response to the first statement of the League's aims. It has been calculated that the involved questions of economy and labour raised by any such movement would take a few weeks to elucidate. But stronger than any desire for elucidation is the desire not to waste, and the desire to begin not to waste at once. In the matter of household economies, Lady Ailesbury and Cornelia Lady Wimborne are particularly impressed with the need of general alertness. To them the guilt of a reckless larder and kitchen, through which the country's foodstuffs pass to the waste-heaps, is a greater guiltiness than the spending of money on



MOTHER OF A SON: MRS. GERARD LEIGH.

Mrs. Gerard Leigh, who is very popular in Society, was, before her marriage, Miss Helen Goudy, a well-known member of American Society. She has received many congratulations upon the birth of her son. Captain Gerard Leigh is at present on active service with the Life Guards.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HAROLD FLEMING: THE HON. CLARE BINGHAM.

The Hon. Eleanor Clare Alice Bingham is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Clanmorris, and is well known as a follower of the principal Irish packs. Miss Bingham's engagement to Captain Harold Fleming, King's Dragoon Guards, only son of the late Colonel Fleming, of Belville, Co. Cavan, has created much interest in hunting circles.—[Photograph by Poole.]

and "Marie"; and an elder sister is entirely French with "Marie Immaculée Antoinette." The new baby is not to be embarrassed by a name of enemy origin, but is to be what the great little Jap calls a John Bull.

The Anti-Scaremongers.

The vexed question of which side to take in the matter of the seaside has been settled boldly enough by Lord and Lady Londesborough and Lady Irene Denison. They have gone not to the South or to the West, but to Scarborough; and when they let it be known that they hope to make a prolonged stay in what is supposed to be a somewhat hazardous holiday resort, they do so because they think it useful to ignore a scare and because they like the East Coast and its airs better than any other.

dress. In the one case there is actual waste; in the other, probably nothing more than the necessary passing of money from one hand to another.

Drawing the Waste-Line. Cornelia Lady Wimborne has a quick eye for the

ways and means of retrenchment; she knows the scope for waste in great houses, and the jog-trot manner in which unnecessary labour is still given to flower-beds and garden-paths, to "getting ready" in the afternoon as if for the unending garden-parties of a normal summer; she has watched, too, what she calls the placid "joy-ride" of the road-menders on traction-engines, where their services could be well dispensed with for a couple of years or so.

Cornelia Lady Wimborne was a native of Blenheim, and after her marriage learned all about other big establishments and big establishment expenses.

Lady Herries' Failure.

Some years ago, Marcia Lady Herries ran a similar scheme for saving herself and her friends from the necessity of following the fashion. Being a good Catholic, she wrote a letter to the Pope asking him if he would approve a uniform for women. Her notion was based on a desire for unworldliness rather than strict economy; and in any case there was nothing his Holiness could disapprove. But he did not pass the patterns—nor, it goes without saying, did Society. The scheme fizzled out, like all others of the same sort.

The Acton Baby. Lord and Lady Acton's little girl of three years old was christened with, among others, the very Bavarian name of Leopoldine. She saves her very young and quite unsmirched reputation by giving preference to "Gabrielle"



TO MARRY MR. G. G. WISKARD: MISS CYNTHIA REEVES.

Miss Reeves is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund W. Reeves, of Argyll Road, Kensington.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD ARTHUR FALKNER: MISS AVICE MILDRED WYNCH. Miss Wynch is the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General F. J. H. Wynch, late 41st Dogras, Indian Army, and Mrs. Wynch, of Norton Road, Exmouth.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MISS AVICE MILDRED WYNCH: MR. HAROLD ARTHUR FALKNER. Mr. Harold Falkner, of St. Peter's, Exmouth, is the son of the Rev. T. F. Falkner, M.A., D.S.O., Chaplain (retired) to His Majesty's Forces.

Photograph by Swaine.

EXTRA SPECIAL.



THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE (*going on duty for the first time, and in the evening*): I wonder if one ought to dress!

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

VOGUES

VANITIES



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Some Hints on Mourning.

The question of mourning is, unhappily, one of the most prominent dress problems of the day. The war has taken a heavy toll of women's dearest and best, the splendid men and boys so generously given to the service of the country. Thousands of homes have received the tragic telegram from the War Office with its terse announcement of the death of some hero husband, brother, or father. In thousands more the possibility of its arrival is an ever-present dread; and all classes, from the highest to the lowest, are united by a common bond of sorrow

A Futile Suggestion.

Several months ago the suggestion was put forward that the accepted form of mourning should be dispensed with. A white band, it was urged, should be worn round the arm as a sign of grief for those who fell in action.

The suggestion died of inanition. It scarcely aroused interest, certainly not in the minds of those most concerned. The fact is that the wearing of special mourning garb for the dead is a custom so ancient that it has become one of

"The parasol sketched is of black silk, bordered with crape."

the accepted facts of life, and in different forms is common to all races, both civilised and savage. In this country black has always been associated with grief, and use and tradition have brought into existence a pretty generally accepted code of etiquette concerning mourning wear. In the last resort, however, the question must be decided by the feelings and taste of the individual most concerned.

No Exaggeration. The wearing of clothes which constitute an aggressive advertisement of grief is wholly distasteful to an Englishwoman. In Victorian days the Continental standards enjoyed a brief popularity, but all that is changed. It is generally recognised that, while elaborate mourning is in the worst of bad taste, a morbid exaggeration of dolour is equally so. Simplicity, unobtrusiveness, excellence of cut combined with good materials—these are now accepted conditions regarding mourning wear, which of recent years has tended to become lighter and more becoming in character. Some, however, still cling to an abundance of crape, and the coat illustrated above is entirely composed of crape cloth.

Widows' Mourning.

The change is particularly marked in widows' mourning, the period of which has been reduced from two years to eighteen months, with half-mourning for a few months more. Except in the case of the elderly, a small hat

takes the place of the bonnet; and the widow's cap has almost entirely disappeared. The long, full draperies of the old veil have been abandoned for a more abbreviated and altogether less weighty affair. Grenadine edged with crape is used for those who dislike crape alone, and the adoption of the face-veil is purely optional; while the introduction of white crape to line a brim or outline it affords a welcome touch of relief to the prevailing sombreness of a widow's dress, in the making of which paramatta or dull cashmere allied with crape are the usual media employed, at any rate for the first few months. For afternoon wear, dull silks or *peau-de-soie* may be used; and in all cases the crape and materials are dyed to match one another.

When crape cloth is used, the use of crape is usually dispensed with. For the widow who prefers the coat and skirt there is black Aberdare cord, the material employed in the manufacture of the model pictured on this page, which was designed in the work-rooms of the Regent Street house of Messrs. Peter Robinson, Ltd., where the matter of mourning receives very special attention. There is a broad band of crape on the collar, which may be worn open or closed; and the same material forms the bands which encircle the skirt and the coat. The little hat of grenadine is lined beneath the brim with white crape, and the veil is either crape or grenadine, according to the taste of the wearer.

Longer Mourning.

Apropos of crape, its wear is now largely a matter for individual taste. It is certainly a protection against intrusive curiosity, as it is always significant of the loss of a near relative. Nor is it any longer extravagant wear. The best makes are now both spot and rain-proof. But there are some who dislike it intensely, and a large number of women dispense with it altogether. In the present circumstances the tendency to lengthen rather than curtail the accepted period of mourning for a son—one year—is natural. Other periods are subject to variation, though six months for a brother and half that period for a nephew are the most usually observed. But, of course, etiquette has really very little to do with the matter—personal feeling only will decide; and, with more than half the nation suffering personal loss, an extension of mourning periods is to be looked for.

Don't. Dress outlay must always be regulated by the length of the purse, but it cannot be over-emphasised that the purchase of cheap mourning is the biggest mistake. There are plenty of inexpensive fabrics—cords, serges, and the like—for those who cannot afford the genuine rich charmeuse, *peau-de-soie*, *crêpe-de-Chine*, dull moiré or poplin, cheap imitations of which occasionally tempt the indiscreet. Accessories must, it goes without saying, be black.

The parasol sketched is of black silk bordered with crape. Another point; while jewellery in excess is anathema, a string of pearls, or a diamond brooch or pendant, is permissible; the latter encircled by a "frame" of black silk braid.

"For the widow who prefers the coat and skirt there is a black Aberdare cord."



"Accessories must . . . be black."



"The little hat of grenadine is lined beneath the brim with white crape."

MIXED PICKLES.



THE OUTRAGED PATRIOT: 'Aif a pound o' Kitchener biscuits, an' a quarter o' a pound o' German sausage!
Now whose side are you on?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE MASTERPIECE.

By CROSBIE GARSTIN.

THIS occurred in the early days, the earliest possible days—days so early it makes me yawn merely to mention them.

The world had but lately arrived and was cutting its teeth, landsliding and flooding, erupting and subsiding, the mountains were getting up and chasing Mahomet, the oceans were slopping all over the place. The world was unsettled and uneasy, and up to all kinds of funny business.

They were very early days. A man might meet a mammoth any time, loitering along untrammelled between Piccadilly Circus and Hyde Park Corner, without running home and writing a book about it, so common an occurrence was it.

In those days greybeards did not bore the beardless stiff with long, weary lies about the "good old times," because all the times there were were new, brand-new, warm from the cow. Neither were there any snobs in those days, for all the ancestors who were going to come over with the Conqueror had not started to pack yet. The Domesday Book was not out by some centuries—or even boomed in the publishers' notices.

Wives were a common object of the fireside, for they were within reach of the modest purse of Jones or Robinson. They had one clinging, navy-blue costume which lasted them a lifetime and required very little mending, being tattooed on them.

The price of the *Times* was threepence (paid in flints).

These were very early times.

The Devil sat in his handsomely furnished central offices and looked around for some mischief for his idle hands to do.

There was a rap at the door, and entered the Foreign Correspondent.

"Morning, Mike," said the Devil. "Pleased to see you. Sit down and have a drink. Try this latest invention of mine—*absinthe*, I call it."

The Foreign Correspondent curled his spiked tail over the chair-back, licked his lips, and lowered a glass of *absinthe*.

"How's that?" the Devil inquired.

"Hot stuff!" smacked the F.C., helping himself to another. "It ought to bunker some of 'em."

"You bet your life," said the Devil. "Well, where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Spot called South Africa—corracles every Wednesday from Southampton."

"Nice spot?"

"Yep! So-so; warmish, rather; sun shines all the time; produces ostriches, mohair, wool, ivory, gold, monkey-nuts—anyway, here are a few illustrated pamphlets you might like to look over, published by the municipal council of—"

"Never mind the literature. Is there anything over there needing our attention? Any inhabitants?"

"Yep; there's an inhabitant, the Original Ethiopian. He needs quite a lot of our attention."

"Give a brief thumb-nail impression of him and his trouble—or his lack of trouble, rather."

"Well, he's black, in the first place—black all over and over. He has about a dozen wives, all nicely trained to fetch and carry. He has no troubles whatever: he just sits in the sun and smiles and smiles—life is one sweet dream to the cuss."

"Hum!" mused the Devil. "Bad, very bad. It makes me sick to hear of anybody like that. We must get after that lad as soon as possible. Hum!—well, call round later, and I'll have some little surprise-package for you to carry back to him."

The F.C. went out, looked up some of the boys and girls, made

a very fair lunch off a bottle of wine and a cigar, and, later in the afternoon, strolled back to headquarters to see what the Chief had up his sleeve for the Original Ethiopian.

"That you, Mike? Oh, I've attended to your case. I've secured a cage or two of lions and leopards to go out by next week's boat. They ought to keep our friend circulating and interested. Can't talk to you now—busy with these blue-prints of the Instalment Plan, my latest idea. Ring me up some time by long distance, and give a snappy account of the Original Coon's finish. So long!"

Brrrrrrr!

"Hello, hello!—Yes—yes, this 1313. Yes, I'm the Devil. Yes, what do you want?—Who are you?—Who?—Mike?—Oh, how are you, Mike?—That's good. Well, how's sunny South Africa and the Original Ethiopian? What did you say?—What?—Worried him at first, did they? Yes, I guess they would. A lion and a leopard camping on the verandah are calculated to make any man uneasy in his mind. What say?—What? He's gone to live in a cave where they can't get at him, you say? And has discovered that a fire will scare them off? O-oh! He's smiling again, you say? Hu-um!—that's got to be stopped. Ring me up again at 3.30 and I'll have thought of something to meet the case."

3.30.

Brrrrrrr!

"Yes, 1313, Satan, yes. Who? Mike?—Oh, yes, Mike, I'm sending out a mosquito and a snake by the next boat. What say?—Snake? Yes; of course, I have a sort of warm feeling for serpents—takes us back to old times, doesn't it? Ha! ha! Serpents and apples—what? Ha! ha! Must have my joke. Anyway, the mosquito and the snake will penetrate into his cosy cave and switch off that smile. Cable me if anything goes right. So long!"

CABLE.

SATAN, Hades.—Ethiopian discovered root antidote for both bites; growing mealies now; smiling again.—MIKE.

CABLE.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, South Africa.—Sending locusts to tackle mealies.—SATAN.

"Look here, Miss, I've been here since eleven o'clock. I shall have to go home soon and shave my whiskers off. They're growing all over the mouthpiece. No, I'm not giving you any lip—I want 1313 Hades, please—1313 Hades. Don't put me on to that Dogs' Home in Battersea again—we're getting tired of each other. 1313 Hades, I said; 1313, plee-ase, Sleeping Beauty. Hello! hello! Is that 1313 Hades—not really? That you, Chief? It's me—Mike; been trying to get through since 10.30 this morning. That girl at Central is a holy cough-drop! What did you say? Yes, I got the locusts—yes, they ate the mealies. But, look you, he's eating the locusts now—*eating the locusts*, I said—toasts 'em on both sides and munches 'em—locusts are off for us.

"No, that's not all—the worst is yet to be. He's got a cow now. C-O-W—cow. Thinks a lot of it, too. Yes, he's smiling again. You *can* swear, you can—of course I heard you swearing. There's only six thousand miles between us. All right, I'll ring up again at 3 p.m. if I can get that Central girl to come out of her trance for a few minutes. Good-bye for the present."

5 p.m.—Brrrrrr!

"Yes, it's me—Mike, or what's left of me. Sorry, couldn't help

(Continued overleaf.)

German Breaches of the Hague Convention.

IX.—LAUGHING-GASSING THE BRITISH BEFORE AN ADVANCE IN CLOSE FORMATION.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

it. I've been hollering away since three o'clock—honest, I have! Had to wait until that Central girl had had her *siesta*, her afternoon tea, and her fortune told. Then she got busy, and introduced me first to an Evangelist in Philadelphia, and afterwards to a chiropodist in Vladivostock. I'm all worn out, the grey hairs are dropping off me pit-pat—Yes, I'm listening. Sending out by to-morrow's boat East Coast Fever, Lung Sickness, Red Water Fever, Anthrax, and Rinderpest—yes, I heard you. I don't know what those complaints are, but they sound like the goods, and oughter settle that cow between 'em—yep, I'll write. Goo'-bye."

Satan and Co., Hades.

South Africa, Jan. 2.

DEAR SIRS,—I beg to inform you that the East Coast Fever, Lung Sickness, Red Water Fever, Anthrax, and Rinderpest germs arrived safely and in a very ravenous condition.

According to your instructions, I immediately unchained them and let them loose on the Original Ethiopian's cow.

The cow succumbed twenty minutes later of four diseases at once.

The fifth germ, Lung Sickness, miscarried, and in its blind fury bit the writer, who, I am thankful to say, is better now, but has lost half his tail and one of his horns is loose.

The Original Ethiopian has now got a goat.—I remain, Your obedient servant,

MIKE DIAVOLO.

P.S. (Private).—This goat animal looks hardy to immortality, and the Original Ethiopian is smiling again. Do something, for Mischief's sake. This is getting on my nerves.—M. D.

LETTER.

Foreign Correspondent, South Africa.

Hades, Jan. 28.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 2nd inst. to hand and its contents noted. We congratulate you on your success with the germs forwarded by us, though we deeply regret to hear of your misfortune with the Lung Sickness germ and trust that you are now on the high road to recovery.

In regard to the Original Ethiopian and his goat, we are forwarding you a Scab germ by next boat—herewith find invoice enclosed.

Please apply this germ to goat and cable results.—I remain, Yours faithfully,

SATAN.

P.S. (Private).—Sorry to hear about your tail. Dab some tar on the stump, and we'll stand you an artificial tip at the firm's expense when you come home. Keep your heart up and trust to your uncle. We'll wipe off that smile yet.—S.

CABLE.

SATAN, Hades,—Goat gone, but Original smiling still; don't know why—beats me altogether. Help!—MIKE.

CABLE.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, South Africa.—Sending drought next boat, keep it in dry place and let loose after rains.—SATAN.

The Devil sat in his handsomely appointed head office and chewed his nails—not because he enjoyed them as a food, but because he was wild, angry, sore.

The world was going on very well in its clumsy fashion, and he felt rotten about it.

His stenographer girl was putting out her tongue at the immigration clerk, which, in the language of love, told him she liked his style and would be outside the Peerless Picture Palace at eight o'clock.

The office imp was flicking paper pellets at the office cat, and hitting it every time.

Things were dull at the head office—except for the cat.

Came a rap on the door.

"Come in!" snarled the Devil. "Who's that? Oh, you, Mike? What on earth brings you over?"

Mike flung himself into a chair, pitched his town hat into the waste-paper basket, and sighed.

"You're looking bad," said the Devil. "What's the matter? Things going well out your way? My word! Who tied that pink ribbon on your tail stump?"

"Girl I met on the boat—rather struck on me, poor little woman! Duchess of some sort—ahem! Look here, Chief, what-cher-going-to-do-about-it?"

"Do about what? You cabled me that the Drought I sent you burnt up all the grass and dried up all the water. You don't tell me the Original Ethiopian is still alive?"

"I do," said Mike dismally. "I tell you here and now."

"But what's he living on?"

"Water-melons—he's discovered wild water-melons, and he's not only living on 'em, but giving dinner-parties."

"Is he? He is, is he? But Mike, my trusty friend, he's not smiling. You don't and can't say he's still smiling?"

"I can and do. I say it most emphatically. HE'S SMILING! Hear me?"

The Devil bowed his horned head in his claw-like hands and moaned.

"Mike," he said at length, "things are going against us. I try—all the world knows how I try, it's notorious—but, in spite of my heroic downhill fight, things somehow will go right. It's enough to discourage one, Mike, it is really."

"I know," Mike sympathised, "I know. I've had my little setbacks myself." He gazed regretfully at the be-ribboned stump of his tail, which wagged brokenly, and dropped a tarry tear.

"One thing after another becomes a success, in spite of all our efforts," the Devil continued. "Remember how we chuckled when we patented Eve? 'That'll catch 'em,' we said; 'that'll catch 'em bending'—and look how she's turned out!"

"After that the Deluge."

"And Noah's German-Lloyd floated the *Arkquitania*!"

"Yes; but put a strangle-hold on those memories, Chief, and attend to this Original Ethiopian of mine. He's got to be settled. Go away into a cool spot and let your grey matter revolve a bit. I just can't go back to South Africa and meet that smile. D'ye know, I'm beginning to fear it's the smile the poet blithers about—the sort that won't come off."

The Devil crouched at his desk, his horned head bowed in thought. He rapped a pen-holder between his sharp, yellow teeth. Presently he sat up, biting the pen-holder in half.

"Come back to-morrow morning, and I'll have something to fix that sable optimist, if I have to sit up all night with my head on ice."

"Have you got it?" Mike inquired.

The Devil stood in his vast, smoky laboratory, surrounded by jars of chemicals, retorts, crucibles, test-tubes, burners, furnaces, bellows, batteries, mysterious moulds and instruments, press for printing yellow journals, guillotines for splitting infinitives, infernal machines for making bombs, bagpipes, and leaky fountain-pens—all the diabolical apparatus for manufacturing misery and brewing terror.

"I asked you have you got it?" Mike inquired again.

The Devil looked at his Foreign Correspondent and smiled a subtle smile.

His scarlet shirt-sleeves were rolled up, he wore a long, blotched apron, his hands were discoloured with chemical stains, his brow was chiselled with tired lines, his eyelids red with lack of sleep, but his eyes were fiendishly bright.

"With all due respect I ask you again—have you got it? The boat sails at 2 p.m., and, if you want me to catch her with the dope, I've got to get a hustle on."

The Devil drew a deep breath and smiled at Mike, a triumphant gleam in his slanting eyes.

"Ah, friend, have I got it? Have I got it, you inquire. I reply, I have got it—here!"

He threw his arm aloft in a gesture he had learned from an Adelphi villain.

"In my hand I hold that which will make your Original Ethiopian's life a misery to him. It will consume his walls, it will consume his roof, and send his habitation crashing upon his head. It will consume his furniture—"

"He hasn't got any," said Mike.

"Never mind; don't interrupt. It will eat his furniture—when he has some; it will eat his crops; it will eat his blanket under him while he sleeps; it will eat him, if he sleeps long enough. He shall escape it nohow, by day or by night. It shall be a curse to him and his children for ever. It is the triumph of my career, the masterpiece of my ingenuity and malice—it is the *dernier cri* of devilry!"

"Bravo!" said Mike. "You certainly have the oratory; but what is it, when all's said and done? I've gotter catch that boat."

The Devil held his open hand towards him. On the palm of it lay a speck, like a little white crumb.

"The white ant!" said the Devil, and laughed horribly.

THE END.

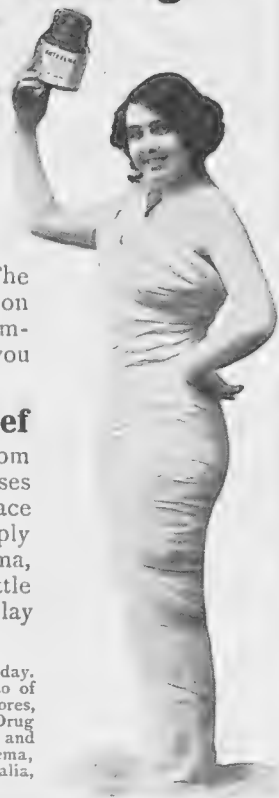
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A message to Mothers

Let your child wear the Claxton Ear Cap in the nursery and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will be corrected. The Claxton Ear Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are pliable. Made in rose pink in 21 sizes. In ordering direct, send measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ears, to S. K. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W., together with remittance of 4/-. Also obtainable from chemists, stores, Harrod's, Selfridges', John Barnes, & Co., Ltd., Garrould's, Woolland Bros., and other Ladies' Outfitters.

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FOR cotton frock wear in the morning this shoe is not too smart; for the more elaborate costume of the afternoon, it is smart enough. Indeed a pair of Lotus No. 51 in one's summer outfit quite solves the problem of what shoes to take for the holidays. Then they are ideal shoes for summer, light and cool and comfortable, as only Lotus shoes can be, and so well-fitting that they feel exactly as if they had been made to measure.

Letters

Lotus Ltd, Stafford

Makers of Lotus and
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A size to suit every type of foot
in this shoe. Agents everywhere

INNOVATION TRADE-MARK

The Show-rooms of all Innovation Ingenuities have been removed from 16, New Bond St. to 30, Conduit St., W. Here a full range of the special goods invented and manufactured for the comfort of the home and for the convenience of the traveller may be purchased.

Cabinets — Fittings — Trunks

A new and large factory has been built, and so all these goods are now British-made
Write for new descriptive and illustrated list.

Innovation Ingenuities Ltd
30 Conduit Street, London, W

HOLIDAY BLOUSE

With a view to keeping our workers employed during the Holiday Season, we are making up a large number of Blouses similar in character to the one sketched, and shall offer them for sale at quite exceptional prices. Needless to say, the quality of the materials used and the workmanship and finish will be quite up to our well-known standard of excellence.

DAINTY BLOUSE (as sketch), in ivory crêpe-de-Chine brocade, with waistcoat of plain crêpe-de-Chine, raglan shoulder and high turnover collar tied with moire ribbon.

25/9

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A Lovely Hand

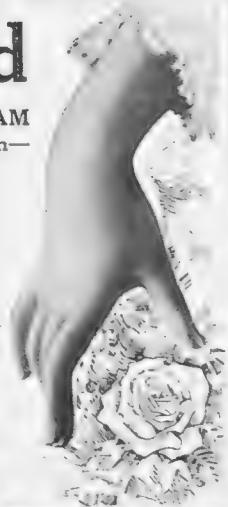
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POND'S VANISHING CREAM affords perfect protection for the complexion against the ill-effects of Sun, Wind, or Sea. Lady Munition Workers find it indispensable for their hands. Apply it with your finger-tips—massage is unnecessary. No grease—no stickiness—just a delicate cream that imparts to your skin the subtle fragrance of Jacqueminot Roses—and makes it delightfully soft and white.

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WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Vagaries of the Censor.

Strange, to some of us, appear the ways of the present time in England. Letters from my French friends, and from residents over there, are punctiliously opened, so that our Government is kept informed that a lady in a Normandy château is urgently in need of a pound of tea "from the Stores," as well as some stamped note-paper.



ENGAGED TO MISS LILY MOORE: SECOND LIEUTENANT C. V. MORRIS.

Mr. Morris is in the 3rd Royal Warwick (attached 1st Battalion). He returned home recently on sick leave, after being gassed at Ypres.

Photograph by Whitlock.

This thrilling information being duly absorbed and docketed, there is no time to look at a halfpenny post-card which I receive this morning on the borders of Scotland, giving me some rather important information, and it is difficult to imagine the state of mind of anyone who would light-heartedly commit it to the open post. The pound of tea and the other matter are put in the balance, and the pound of tea, it appears, weighs heavier.

Caricatures of Soldiers.

Enemy caricatures of soldiers are always stupid beyond belief, and generally of archaic simplicity. The artist in his studio always depicts the enemy as hideously ugly (yet warriors of all European countries can be extremely handsome), and with revolting animal characteristics. They are made, by the gentleman in the velvet coat, to resemble unearthly monsters like Chinese dragons, or to assimilate to the tiger

type, with long teeth and criminal foreheads. The Munich artist keeps the readers of *Simplicissimus* cheerful by depicting all British troops with very short kilts and long, bony legs, and with countenances more like the lowest Parisian Apaches than our open-faced volunteers. Nor are the Germans alone in this proceeding. No candid person can deny that all the photographs we see of the Boches represent remarkably fine young men, tall, broad, and well set-up, but by no means stout. The spiked helmet adds, no doubt, to their imposing appearance. They are no more like the bloated, sausage-like persons in spectacles of the average British caricature than our tall, slender, well-knit youngsters resemble the criminal-looking Highlanders of the Munich comic papers. Curiously enough, the Cossack is not much caricatured, possibly because he is, in reality, a sufficiently intimidating personage; nor is the Frenchman made to resemble a monster by German artists, who keep their sharpest pencil for the attack on Englishmen. Our troops from India, are, however, usually depicted as North American Red Indians—feather head-dresses, moccasins, and tomahawks complete.

The Optimists. The only thoroughly cheery crisis seem to be our wounded soldiers, English, Canadian, and Australasian; so that a visit to a military hospital, and conversation with its occupants, is to be recommended as an antidote to undue depression on the part of the stay-at-homes. A wounded Canadian—from far Alberta—tells me that at Le Touquet all the officers had the "greatest fun." One of the jokes was that, as most of them had one arm or hand *hors de combat*, they used to sit at a narrow mess-table, and unite forces with the wounded men opposite to cut up their food—each side supplying a hand. This was considered in the light of a tempestuous joke, as was the "Major's birthday party," for which the nurses mysteriously produced two bottles of whisky, and which was a fête of the most hilarious nature. Everywhere it is the same story. If you hear laughter and jokes in a hospital ward, be sure the English soldiers are there. The wounded French are heroically patient and quietly cheerful, but they seldom laugh or joke. Indeed, how can they? But it will be the sempiternal high spirits of our men which will carry the thing through.

A Pot That Boiled Over.

Last week a holiday-maker strolled on the shore subconscious of the sea at his elbow, and the war scarcely further away; yet with a mind that refused to bend its mood to great and terrible realities. It chose to concentrate on a clear pool about the size of a male umbrella, where mud that was beautiful and curious moved, swam, or wriggled. Life was there, and consequently there also were love and war; but in a diminuendo that went charmingly with the quiet gaiety of the afternoon, and it was easy to be philosophical about anything that happened in so small a pool.

The Pamphlet.

But the limpid shallows of the little concave world were suddenly obliterated for the holiday-maker by a leaflet which fluttered over its surface. It had been neatly "dealt" by a passing stranger, and it bore the title, "The Angels of Mons." The holiday-maker vaguely recalled that some time, somewhere, there had been something about angelic aid to our Expeditionary Force in one of those newspaper-columns where, there being no news left, it behoves the column-maker to write prettily, snappily, or "vim"-ily.

The Author.

And now this week sees the publication of a shilling book containing the column

reprinted with an Introduction three times as long as itself.* It had been just a bright little pot-boiler. "Having groaned and growled over it and printed it, I certainly never thought to hear another word of it." But the pot boiled over. It "occupied" the clergy; it supplied texts, and in the shape of a tract it obliterated the pool for a holiday-maker.

The Legend,

baldly stated, is to the effect that when our troops found themselves in a tight corner—just a year ago this month, St. George appeared with an army of bowmen and shot Germans for us by thousands. The German Great General Staff, finding no wounds on the bodies of their dead, decided we had employed shells containing poisonous gas. Mr. Machen's technique enriches the bare fancy. "A blend of white flame and the peal of organ-chords" is the result of Mr. Machen's prose, says the *Evening News* reviewer, who acknowledges to feeling hampered in his enthusiasm by reasons of good taste. But it will hardly be seen how license could better the phrase, and its justification lies in the fact that Divines, Occultists, Soothsayers, and ladies all over England have been moved to insist, as good children should, that their fairy-tale shall be true.

The Great Recantation.

But Mr. Machen, being conscientious, has had to reprint and introduce "my bit of a story, as if it were the lost poems of Sappho," in order that he may emphasise the fact that it is *not* true; that he made it up as he went along out of his head.

"Too Good to be True."

In childish days there frequently seemed reason to deplore the tameness of natural objects beside their spirited representation in coloured prints. A great deal of journalism suggests the same disappointment to those who continue their youthful attitude towards realities. These are the people who wanted to make Mr. Machen say his clever journalese was gospel, and are vexed because he won't. Life isn't "a blend of white flame and the peal of organ-chords."

* The Bowmen, and Other Legends of the War. By Arthur Machen. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd. rs. net.)



THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDE OF LAST WEEK: LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox is the mother of the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox, whose marriage to the Marquess of Titchfield took place last week, and was attended by Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, in recognition of the fact that the bride was one of her Majesty's Maids of Honour, and is an intimate friend of Princess Victoria. Before her marriage, which took place in 1886, Lady Algernon was known as Miss Blanche Maynard. She is a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Henry Maynard.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



ENGAGED TO SECOND LIEUTENANT C. V. MORRIS: MISS LILY MOORE.

Miss Moore is the famous lady golfer who was runner-up in the Open Championship, at Westward Ho, in 1910, and has won the Midland Championship four times.

Photograph by Hudson.

AN IDEAL BUST.

WOMAN'S MOST FASCINATING CHARM. NATURE'S GREATEST GIFT.

Six inches bust development in thirty days guaranteed to any woman under seventy, no matter how flat, thin, bony, flabby, or shrunken her figure may be. How I accidentally discovered an almost incredibly simple means of obtaining a perfect bust.

My Grateful Message to all womankind afflicted as I once was. Send to-day for everything I offer below absolutely free, and begin developing your bust at once.

SEND NO MONEY.

NO longer need any woman suffer the humiliation of a flat, scraggy chest, nor endure the thoughtless shafts of ridicule or pity which pierce the hearts of those unfortunate members of her sex who lack that distinguishing and essential hallmark of perfect feminine beauty—a Perfect Bust. For fifteen years I vainly longed for this alluring attraction which Nature had denied me. Everyone's eyes seemed to centre upon my flat scraggy chest, which plainly showed the outlines of the bones, and I keenly dreaded to wear a low-necked gown, for that only emphasised my glaring and humiliating defect. In my constant embarrassment I foolishly and vainly tried to disguise by means of false busts the shortcoming which completely overshadowed all other charms I possessed. But such an artifice deceived no one. Men even seemed to avoid me as a woman who looked like a man and one totally devoid of the feminine charms that attract them. I faithfully tried worthless and harmful pills and medicines, also massage, creams, exercises, vacuum appliances, electricity, prescriptions, and everything else I had ever heard of, but there were no beneficial results whatever, so I was finally obliged to give up in despair and conclude that my condition was hopeless and must be due to hereditary causes, like being too tall or too short.

The miracle-working discovery which revealed me from this condition which I found so unbearable was purely accidental, and occurred as a climax to a curious train of events which I shall never cease to regard as providential. A dull, dreary world became gay and bright again. I felt like a butterfly newly burst from its cocoon. In a single month my busts were developed six inches, the hollows in my cheeks, neck, chest, and shoulders were quickly filled out and made marvelously smooth, graceful, and fascinating in contour, and from a flat-chested, imperfect, angular, and masculine-appearing member of my sex, I was transformed into the full-bosomed and sublime perfection of ideal womanhood. My secret is too good to selfishly keep for my own benefit alone, and I wish to share it with all womankind afflicted as I once was. I neither need nor desire the slightest profit for my trouble in explaining the method that did so much for me. I have nothing whatever to sell, and this offer is prompted by gratitude alone.

I found that the breasts being the only organs in the human body which lie idle and out of use the greater part of one's lifetime, they positively can never be developed by treating them as though they were simple muscles or other organs

in use daily with constant functions to perform. I firmly believe that the new and radically different method of development which I discovered is the only one in existence that takes this fact into consideration, and the utter failure of all the other methods, treatments, medicines, and appliances which I formerly used is thus fully explained. Whatever may be the cause or causes of your undeveloped bust, or whatever your condition of health may be, you should find my method infallible. The first moment you feel the tingling, exhilarating action my treatment exerts, the forerunner of the splendid development soon to follow, you will then be able to realise why it cannot fail to cause dormant tissues to rapidly develop as they awaken to new life.

Without knowing it, you already have the facilities for using the treatment in the strict privacy of your own home unknown to your most intimate friends. My only caution to you is, do not use the treatment unless you really require

at least three to four inches or more bust development. Do not use it to develop other parts of your body without developing the bust, for while it greatly improves the general health and fills out neck, shoulders, and chest, it is certain to act primarily upon the mammary glands of the bust. As the development is permanent and cannot be reduced afterward, be sure to discontinue the treatment as soon as your bust becomes exactly the size and firmness desired. Growth cannot continue after treatment is stopped, but on account of the strong stimulating action exerted you may begin to gradually lessen the treatment as your bust begins to reach the required size and firmness.

Inquiries concerning my method have been so extremely numerous that, although many are letters from personal acquaintances, I have found it impossible to write a personal letter in reply to each. I have, therefore, decided to have a full description of my method printed in the form of a small booklet for free distribution to any ladies sufficiently interested to send me two penny stamps for posting expenses. I have nearly a thousand of these booklets left, and this offer is made in the belief that they may prove of interest to the general public, as well as to my personal acquaintances. Simply send your name and address to Margaret Merlain (260A), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., and while they last, a regular copy of my booklet will be sent you by return post, sealed and in plain wrapping. Send me no money, for I have nothing to sell and that is not my object in consenting to have this article published.



These photographs show more plainly than any words how an angular, masculine figure may now be quickly transformed to one of beautiful curves by means of the new method explained in this article.

NOTE.—On referring this new method of bust development to Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, for a disinterested opinion of its efficacy, his report is as follows:—"No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in this treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust." In view of this praise from the highest medical authority, rendered after careful examination of the treatment, there can be no hesitation in recommending it to every reader who requires anything of the kind.

Old Remedy That's Always Best For Liver, Stomach and Bowels

Liver, Stomach and Bowel remedies have been coming and going for 50 years, but **Carter's Little Liver Pills** keep right on giving health, strength and happiness to millions. Lay aside the harsh cathartics that act violently on liver and bowels and give this old, gentle, sure constipation remedy a trial.

It's really wonderful how speedily they banish headache, indigestion, biliousness and nervousness and clear up sallow, blotchy, pimply skin. Purely vegetable.



Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature

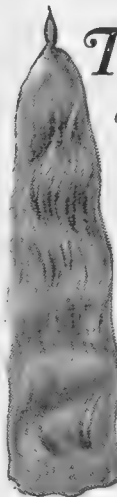
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Guaranteed only Finest Quality Pure European Hair used.



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THE ONLY MEASUREMENT REQUIRED IS THE CIRCUMFERENCE OF THE HEAD.

SWITCHES of Pure Human Hair.

16 in., 2/9; 18 in., 3/6; 20 in., 5/-; 22 in., 7/6; 24 in., 12/6; 26 in., 15/6; 28 in., 21/- Any Length to Order.

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LEWES EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Trains leave Victoria at 9.0, 10.0, 11.15, 11.55 a.m., 1.10 (Sats.), 1.25, 3.20, 4.30, 5.20, 5.45 (not Sats.), 6.45, 7.45, and 9.55 p.m. London Bridge 9.50 a.m., 12.0 noon, 1.15, 2.0, 4.5, 5.5, 6.39 (not Sats.), 7.0, 7.39, and 9.55 p.m. † To Lewes and Eastbourne only. ‡ Not to Lewes.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Trains leave Victoria 8.55, 10.20, 11.35 a.m., 1.35, 3.53, 4.53, and 7.20 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50, and 7.15 p.m. * Not to Isle of Wight.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Welbeck War Wedding.

There are a few of our great families whose ways are almost feudal. The Duke of Portland is the head of one of them. His elder son and heir was married in his own territory like a Crown Prince. Had we not been in war time, Lord and Lady Titchfield would have been married in town, probably in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where the Duke and Duchess of Portland were married; and it would have been a royally and brilliantly attended ceremony. The people on the Welbeck estate love the Duke and the Duchess and their children, and felt it one good result of the war that the wedding took place among them. The Langwell people too, who are equally devoted to the family and to the charming bride, will also have a look at them before the bridegroom goes back to the grim business of war, for I believe they have gone to the Highlands. They are a really nice pair, and so all happiness to them!

The Dee-Side.

Last autumn the Dee-side had a dull time; this autumn it cannot hope for a brilliant one, but it promises to be better than last. The Princess Royal and Princess Maud are, I hear, going to Mar Lodge, and will be visited there by Queen Alexandra and by Princess Arthur of Connaught. Princess Mary and the three younger Princes will probably go to Balmoral, and it is quite on the cards that the Queen may be there for a short time. The King hesitates to cause his Ministers inconvenience by going far away; I am told, however, that his medical adviser is most anxious for him to have exercise and open, bracing air, so his Majesty may visit the Highland royal home. If so, it will be for but a short time, for the King likes to be at hand. He will have some partridge-shooting next month, and pheasant-shooting later, but, I believe, says he will only take odd days.

There are still many members of my sex going to the seaside and taking dips in the sea; they have, however, chosen what they think safe places. It is not that they fear to meet a submarine when taking their breezy baths from the beach—even a German commander would hardly waste a torpedo on a girl or two! It is the unbecomingness of night attire in the event of a Zeppelin raid that troubles them. One lady of my acquaintance has abjured many little practices of the toilette in order to remain presentable in case of night alarms. Another sleeps in a pocket-provided garment, with all her valuables at hand, and a respirator on the top of them lest she should forget it. No fear, apparently, that she should forget the valuables!

Decrease in the Bathing Brigade.

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TWO DAINY ORIGINAL FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The figure on the left shows a young girl's sleeveless dress of black-and-white check woollen material, bound with black braid and worn over a blouse of white lawn with crochet buttons. A black tie is worn with this pretty frock. The second figure wears a frock of white organdi, with a bodice of Wedgwood-blue linen laced down the front with white cords. The skirt is finished with a hem of the blue linen and the cuffs are of the same material.

The Knitting Lunch.

There is to be no idling over the moor, river, and mountain-side luncheons this autumn when women go out to eat with the sportsmen. We are to waste nothing, time least of all! Directly the human machine is stoked, knitting or sewing is to be brought out. The winter campaign means hosts of socks, body belts, and shirts, so we women

will, in American parlance, have to get busy again. The fur coats of last winter's wear in the trenches have been kept and cleaned, and, I hear, enormously added to. There is, however, no end to the knitted garments that will be required, and nothing will suit our fighters like those that are hand-knitted. So, ladies, lose no time—knit, knit, knit, mid salmon and grouse and stags! Knit, sew, knit: make stockings and belts and bags!

An Ideal Instrument.

I went the other day, by invitation, to the Æolian Hall to hear a new musical instrument of the phonograph type. I felt quite cold about it, for phonographs had never appealed very greatly to me. I endured some, was indifferent to others, and enjoyed none. To the Æolian Vocalion I became a convert very quickly; it is a delightful thing to have. Not only is the tone firm, full, and fine, but by a marvellously clever contrivance the personal-control element is introduced, and the subtlest gradations of light and shade in sound made possible. It is, therefore, a real pleasure to listen to records of great artists, for there is no raucous metallic sound and no inartistic monotony. The phrasing, correctly followed, is given expression and life, and a charming performance is the result. A symphonetic horn accounts for the roundness and harmony of the tone; while the tone control revolutionises phonographically reproduced music, and imparts to it the expression of its operator and the artistry of the artist. The Graduola, which is the mechanical means of this delightful end, closely follows the working of the vocal chords in the human throat. This newest development of Æolian instruments is a most enviable possession.

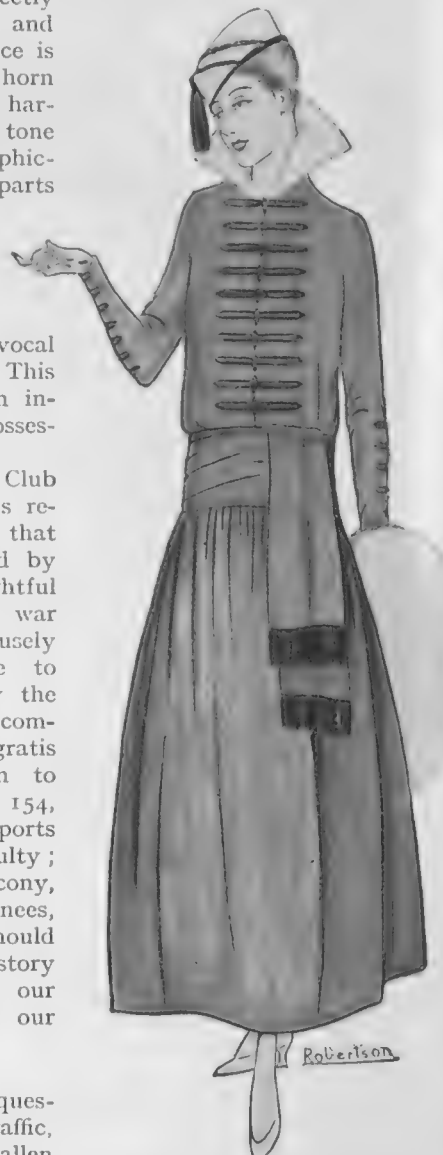
Romance and Beauty.

The Touring Club of France is reminding us that we are by no means debarred by war from the enjoyment of delightful French tours away from the war zone. A charming booklet, profusely illustrated, called "Welcome to France," has been issued by the Club and the French railway companies. It can be obtained gratis and post free on application to Messrs. A. J. Wilson and Co., 154, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. Passports can be obtained without difficulty; and such names as Gascony, Touraine, Languedoc, the Pyrenees, Auvergne, and Cevennes should appeal to lovers of romantic history and beautiful scenery; while our noble Allies will appreciate our visits greatly.

Since the war began the question of the White Slave Traffic, previously so prominent, has fallen into the background, over-shadowed by graver tragedies. Probably, however, the iniquitous traffic itself has continued, and perhaps has profited by this diversion of the limelight. It is well, therefore, that the dangers to which girls are exposed should be kept before the public through the medium of fiction. Such is the motif of "The Human Octopus" (Murray and Evenden), by Jeanette De La Val, author of "Scarlet by Fate." "This is a kind of book," writes the author in her preface, "I can place with confidence in the hands of our girls and young women . . . and I cannot conceive of any parent or guardian, after having read it and knowing of the terrible danger of the White Slave Traffic, who would not gladly do the same." The main incidents are based on actual facts. The "octopus" is the procurer in chief who spreads his tentacles to entangle unsuspecting girlhood. The scenes are laid in Canada, the States, and London.

A NEW COAT-DRESS IN BROAD-CLOTH.

Russian green broad-cloth is the effective material of this new coat-dress, which is trimmed with black silk braid and barrel buttons. The deep sash, of the same material as the dress, has the ends finished with a fringe of black silk. The high collar and the muff are of white fox.





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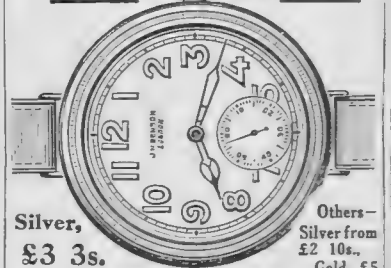
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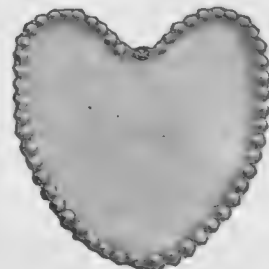
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

REASONABLENESS OF MOTORISTS, AND THE REVERSE: CHEAP AND NOT NASTY.

Spoiling the Cheap Car.

The success of the cheap car, of the British type, dates from the time when it was clearly recognised that the load to be carried was a factor in itself, and that the low-priced vehicle must be a two-seater. It may be rejoined at once, of course, that American runabouts may be had in plenty at a rock-bottom price with four-seated bodies, but they come within an entirely different category, being fitted with large engines of low efficiency, and built in colossal quantities and standardised on unvarying lines. The low-priced British car, however, with a high-efficiency engine, the pistons of which are no bigger than a wine-glass, can only be produced with satisfaction to all concerned in the shape of a two-seater, or with three seats at the most, though even in the latter case the result is often disappointing so far as comfortable running is concerned. Nevertheless, there are still people to be found who clamour for a four-seated car at the price and power of a two-seater, and the fact can only be ascribed to the extraordinary change which has taken place in the public's attitude towards motor vehicles during the last twelve or fifteen years.

Two Seats v. Four. Time was when the motor-car was merely an object of derision, and was rarely mentioned without sarcastic reference to "breakdowns." By-and-bye, however, it came to be realised that between the motor-car and the horsed vehicle there was absolutely no comparison in speed, efficiency, and endurance. Unthinking people thereupon went to the opposite extreme, and adopted the view that the motor-car of any type was equal to any call that could be made upon it, required no consideration, and was not in the remotest degree to be regarded in the light of former standards. But surely these good people may be asked to remember that there are still certain considerations that are as potent as in the old days. The man who bought a two-seater trap for the purposes of his ordinary business or pleasure did not expect his friends to complain that they could not be given unlimited joy-rides because there was not room in the trap for more than two persons; and, similarly, a passenger in a pony-cart was not wont to complain to the driver that the vehicle was not so luxurious and did not travel so fast as a brougham with a pair of valuable horses.

A Radical Distinction. The motor-car, however, to many people to this day is just a motor-car, without reference to type, and, though they would be ashamed to profess entire ignorance of horses, they do not take the slightest trouble to understand mechanical matters or the problems of motor-car construction generally. In the circumstances, there is nothing

to be done but to tell them frankly that to build a car for four people is not a question of taking a cheap chassis and mounting a body that will seat four people instead of two. The engine itself may, perhaps, be equal to pulling the additional weight, but the design and almost every other detail require to be adapted to the particular load which has normally to be carried. Even if it were nothing more than a matter of suspension, it is obviously impossible to construct springs which are equally efficacious no matter what the number of passengers may be; and even the best and most expensive of cars is not equally comfortable under all conditions of load. With highways in their present condition, indeed, it is difficult to keep the ordinary four-seated car on a steady course if a man is driving alone.

Unreasonable Expectations.

Some people may arrive, however, at the point of knowing that to put a four-seated body on a car designed for two is a mechanical heresy, but may, nevertheless, ask why they should not be able to buy a four-seated car *ab initio* at a low price. To this the only answer can be that the provision for the extra weight involves greater strength of construction and design, more material, bigger tyres, and an appreciably greater expense throughout—the car, in fact, is no longer a cheap light car, but challenges comparison with the most powerful vehicle on the road. It would compare unfavourably in speed, reliability, and durability with more expensive types, and would put its owner and passengers in a perpetual condition

of apology on the score of cheapness; whereas from the two-seated car, which has no big load to carry, not only are great things not expected, but, by reason of its having so much less serious work to do, it does that work admirably and well, and shows few, if any, failings. The guiding principle, in short, should be that a coat should be cut according to the cloth, and the man who fixes a given sum as the maximum of his spending power must be content to bide by his decision and accept the soundest car that can be produced at the price, instead of hankering after something altogether different. If he goes to the theatre, he may pay for a stall seat or one in the gallery, as he chooses; but, in the latter case, would he be reasonable if he complained that he did not see the show as comfortably as if he were near the stage? The comparison is only inexact in one particular, and that is that if a man is content to take a two-seater at a low price, he is in many respects as well off as the owner of a four-seater at a much higher price; but the cheap low-powered four-seater, save on American lines, is an impracticable product.



AN AEROPLANE PROPELLER AS A TOMBSTONE:
A RUSSIAN AIRMAN'S GRAVE IN GALICIA.

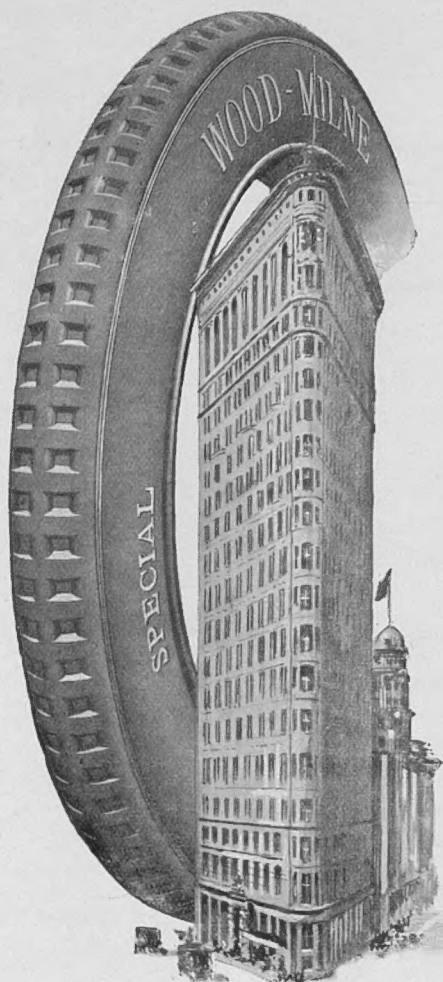
In a soldiers' cemetery in a Galician pinewood the Germans found the grave of a Russian airman, with his propeller set up as his tombstone. Two German Red Cross men are seen standing by it.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations, Ltd.]



A WELL-KNOWN CLERICAL MOTOR-CYCLIST HOME FROM THE FRONT:
THE REV. E. P. GREENHILL AT BROOKLANDS.

The Rev. E. P. Greenhill has just returned from the front to be married. He is a well-known amateur motor-cyclist. Our photograph shows him at Brooklands, at the recent "all-khaki" motor-cycle races, the first held since the war began.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations Co.



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OFFICERS' KIT.

A PERSONAL NOTE BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

*I*T is regrettable to observe an increasing number of new officers wearing uniforms of indifferent material and tailoring. Their quality is not creditable to the traditions of the British Army, and this lowering of the standard is being adversely commented upon by senior officers of the Services.

There is unfortunately NO regulation quality for officers' khaki, and in consequence inferior uniforms and equipments are now offered in all parts of London at absurdly low prices, by firms who have never previously produced military garments.

This pandering to the craze for cheapness is disastrous in effect and represents a false economy, for second-grade material and workmanship, apart from the question of style, will never stand the excessive strain of active service.

The Government allowance of £50 for Kit is not only adequate, but generous, and is granted to enable the newly gazetted officer to procure his uniform from recognised West-End military tailors.

The House of Pope and Bradley supplies only the finest khaki procurable, and their purchases amount to tens of thousands of pounds per annum. Seventy per cent. of their trade is military, and their reputation ensures the correct military style. The prices quoted represent the minimum at which uniforms of this quality can be obtained.

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A NEW NOVEL.

"Marjory Mallory."

By IVAN HODGKINSON.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

Here is another of that interesting series—the First Novel Library, of Mr. Fisher Unwin. It is as attractive and engaging as any of its preceding twenty volumes. Mr. Hodgkinson shows no strain after originality of plot, no desire after sensational moments, nor preciousness, nor prettiness of style, and he has succeeded with tenderness and distinction in carrying one or two people across his pages through the hot heyday of their lives to the quieter hours of reflection and reaction. The heroine is always a test of ability. It is far from easy to make another man see a woman as lovely and as lovable as does the lover, and in a sense a novelist does stand to his heroine in that relation. Marjory may be certain of evoking the epithet of admiration into which each reader most easily falls: to one she will be a stunner, and to another a darling, but both will mean the same warmth of feeling. She was always rich, nothing intrinsically tragic crossed her road, she contrived to achieve great unhappiness by voluntary mistakes, she was not in the worldly—or even, perhaps, in the social—sense "good," and nevertheless she remains noble, dignified, pure, because she accepted her own errors, as well as life's futilities and ironies, with the courage and sweetness that a charming child takes to its nursery punishment when things go wrong. Mr. Hodgkinson never preaches, but he does suggest, inadvertently, that idea of life: that it is a nursery presided over by a wise old nurse, where the children whose bodies have long finished growing may develop that potential shrouded self of which the bodies are merely the visible expression. After Marjory, her husband, Sir John Crawshay, is the prominent figure. His portrait is more than a little drawn with satire. "She is awaiting love," exclaimed one of Marjory's most subtle admirers, "and she has found an Under-Secretary of State with a Blue Book." Of a type familiar in British politics, full of the unimaginative ability to make a second-class career, honest and self-satisfied and entirely unresponsive to the finer shades of living, John Crawshay, easily touched in his egotism, and with difficulty in his heart, will be recognised as true to that type by those who know his world. It is a narrow world, with a beat from Knightsbridge to Piccadilly Circus, and from Westminster (where the John Crawshays take care of their country's interests) to Portman Square. Half of every year since he was breeched John lived in it, and the rest at Trantham—large, dull, and Georgian, inimical to any flights of fancy. Trantham "had seen the glaring crudity of many average existences; the very acts of birth and death were reduced to decent commonplace proportions within its portals; the mystery of such events died with the refusal of its inhabitants to see anything mysterious in them." One of the finest moments in Mr. Hodgkinson's story is when he follows this John, broken, almost brutal with passion—the passion of hate—walking right out of his world in Finsbury, or it might be Shoreditch. Of that sure touch for the moment—the moment when the slackest stretch taut to the limits of their expression—Mr. Hodgkinson's first book proves him in possession, and by its means he will write others as good, and perhaps better, for it is the secret of great comedy.

"THE PRUSSIAN TERROR."

FROM time to time during the war the Prussian guns have thundered at Villers-Cotterets, near Soissons on the Aisne, where Alexandre Dumas the elder lies buried. The fact lends still closer interest to the first English translation of a historical novel of his dealing with the war between Prussia and Austria of 1866, now very appropriately issued—namely, "The Prussian Terror," translated by R. S. Garnett (Stanley Paul; 6s.). Dumas wrote the book from materials personally gathered at the time at Frankfort-on-Main (where the Prussians perpetrated outrages similar to their recent proceedings in Belgium), and at other places connected with that war. His idea was to awaken France to a sense of the Prussian peril, so soon to fall upon her. The translator—who, by the way, is a son of the late Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum—has performed his task excellently. "It has been repeatedly stated," he writes in a short introduction, "that before the Franco-German War of 1870 the German soldiers were guiltless of acts of atrocity. This story proves the contrary. . . . Dumas' book, though in story form, is an authoritative contribution to history." The author of "The Three Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo" was, naturally, no dry historian. The touch of romance is not wanting; and the hero, a dashing young Frenchman, is a kind of modern D'Artagnan.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Kultur and Catastrophe. Theodore Andrea Cooke. 1s. net.
Serbia: Her People, History, and Aspirations. Woislav M. Petrovitch. 3s. 6d. (Harrap.)
More War Poems. Jessie Pope. 1s. net. (Grant Richards.)
The Book of France. Edited by Winifred Stephens. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
Spies and Secret Service. Hamil Grant. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)
The War, and What After? Raymond Unwin. 6d. net. (Garden City Press.)
The Real Crown Prince. By the Author of "King Edward VII." 2s. 6d. net. (Newnes.)
The German-American Plot. Frederic William Wile. 1s. net. (Pearson.)
Defenceless America. Hudson Maxim. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

FICTION.

- The Squire's Sweetheart. Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
The Farm and the Philosopher. Horace Hutchinson. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Merry-Andrew. Keble Howard. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)
Jaffery. William J. Locke. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)
Honour in Pawn. H. Maxwell. 6s. (Long.)
The Twelve Best Short Stories in the French Language. Selected by Auguste Dorchain. 6d. net. (Gowans and Gray.)

FICTION (continued).—

- The Heart of Joanna. Robert A. Hamblin. 6s. (Long.)
Felons. Sir George Makgill, Bt. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
In Mrs. Knox's Country. E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. 6s. (Longmans.)
Fate the Marplot. F. Thicknesse-Woodington. 6s. (Allen.)
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